

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER
FEBRUARY 20, 1925

No. 1012

FAME
AND

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FORTUNE WEEKLY.

Stories of Boys who make Money.

BOUND TO MAKE MONEY; OR, FROM THE WEST TO WALL STREET.

AND OTHER STORIES

BY A SELF-MADE MAN



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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BOUND TO MAKE MONEY

OR, FROM THE WEST TO WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Texas.

"What did you say his name was?" asked Sam Kimball, messenger for Winterbury & Co., stock brokers, of the Geyser Building, Wall Street.

"Fred Lee," replied Will Waters, who worked for Benjamin Bruce, broker, across the corridor, "but the boys have nicknamed him Texas."

"That's a good name for him—fits him like a glove," grinned Sam. "Did he come from Texas?"

"That's what he did—from Houston."

"How do you know?"

"He told Bob Brown that he was born here."

"I'll bet he's been living out on a ranch somewhere. His face is as brown as a berry. I rather like it, for it looks honest. I'm going to make friends with him."

"So am I. He's a good fellow to have on your side when the A. D. T. and the M. E. fellows get too funny, as they often do."

"As he works for Mr. Rhodes, whose office is next to ours, why I'm bound to see him often. So ought you, for you're right opposite."

"Oh, we'll see him often enough. You couldn't mistake him in a crowd."

"The fact that he hasn't been a month in New York yet doesn't seem to bother him much," said Sam. "I've seen him a dozen times on the street, sailing along like a racing cutter under full canvas, as if he knew exactly where he was bound, and didn't ask any odds from anybody."

"That's right. There's no flies on Texas."

"I wonder how Rhodes came to hire him for a messenger?"

"Rhodes is a Southerner, and probably some friend in the Southwest recommended Lee to him."

"Maybe he's a relative of the famous Lee family—a distant branch, for instance."

"It doesn't follow. There are a lot of people by the name of Lee."

"And a good many more by the name of Smith," chuckled Sam. "There's an old boarding house missus that comes into our place every other day to loaf an hour or two around the ticker. Her name is Mrs. John Smith. She brings her daughter once in a while, and her

name is Johanna. Barring difference in age, they're as like each other as two peas in a pod. Winterbury is tired of them. I've heard him say a dozen times that he wished they'd make some other office their headquarters. They're only small potatoes, and when they lose they set up a squeal."

"Women ought to keep out of Wall Street unless they have lots of money and the right kind of nerve."

"That's what they should. But I'm going now. I don't want to get a calling down for staying out all day."

The boys parted, and Sam glided to his accustomed seat in the waiting-room. As he took up a paper Mr. Winterbury rang for him, and he went into the private office to see what the head of the house wanted.

"Take this note to Mr. Rhodes, Sam," said Mr. Winterbury.

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger.

He grabbed his hat and ran into the office next door. A big, strapping young fellow, whom Sam recognized as Fred Lee, the boy from the West, bounced out of his chair by the window and came to meet him.

"I want to see Mr. Rhodes," said Sam, admiring the other's stalwart proportions. "I come from Mr. Winterbury, next door."

Lee went into the private office. In a moment he was out again.

"Yo' kin go in," he said, broadly.

Sam went in and delivered the note. Mr. Rhodes read it.

"Tell Mr. Waterbury that I haven't a share of Southern Railway in the house," he said, tossing the note in the basket beside his desk.

"All right, sir," replied Sam, and he hurried out.

He met his boss in the corridor, and gave him Mr. Rhodes's answer.

"Very well," said Mr. Winterbury. "Run across the street to Osborn, and ask him if he has any of the stock. I'll be in the office when you get back," and the broker turned down the corridor.

Sam started for the stairs. At that moment Fred Lee rushed out of his office, hatless, and caught a fleeting glimpse of Sam as he vanished

round the corner toward the stairs. Instantly he started after him, his long legs covering the ground to beat the band. Sam was just going out of the door below when Lee reached the head of the stairs. Sam turned, saw him coming, and then kept on, laughing. He hadn't the faintest idea that Lee was after him until a heavy pair of hands grabbed him around the chest with a hug like a grizzly bear's.

"Here, yo'!" cried Lee. "Yo' wanted."

"Who wants me?" demanded Sam, as a crowd began to gather about them.

"Mr. Rhodes. He sent me fo' yo'."

"All right. I'll stop in when I get back."

"No, sah. Yo' will stop in now."

"Oh, you get out! I've got a message to deliver upstairs here."

"Jes' yo' move on with me when I tell yo'," said Lee, facing Sam about and urging him across.

Sam resisted with all his might, for he objected to being coerced. He was like a baby in the Westerner's grasp. He struggled the best he knew how, and the result was his collar came unloosened, his necktie slipped down, and his hair was ruffled.

"Hello! what's the trouble?" asked a policeman, striding up.

"Nothin'," replied the young Westerner, very coolly. "Jes' yo' clear these people away so I kin move on without steppin' on their corns."

"What have you got hold of that boy for? What's he been doing?"

"Don't yo' worry 'bout this boy, sah. He's goin' upstairs, that's all."

"Gosh, Texas! What do you want to yank me about in this way for?"

"Take it cool. March up them stairs an' don't ask no mo' questions. I tole yo' already that Mr. Rhodes sent me to fetch yo' back, an' I'm doin' it, I reckon."

"I should say you are," muttered Sam, in great disgust, as Lee rushed him up the stairs two steps at a time.

Despite the policeman, a part of the crowd followed, eager to learn the reason for the strange proceeding. Sam Kimball looked like a wreck when the stalwart young Westerner marched him back into the reception room. A crowd of amused and curious spectators followed them inside.

"Here he is, sah," said the new messenger, forcing Sam forward.

Mr. Rhodes and his stenographer were just coming out of his private room, and they were both very much astonished at the scene presented to their gaze.

"What's the matter, Fred?" asked the broker, inquiringly.

"Yo' tole me to fetch him back, Mr. Rhodes, an' I reckon I've fetched him."

"Why—why, Fred! What have you been doing to him?" asked the surprised Mr. Rhodes, when Sam broke out with an explanation.

"Mr. Winterbury, whom I met in the hall after leaving here, sir, and to whom I delivered your message that you had no shares of Southern Railway in your office, sent me across the street to Mr. Osborn's, to ask him if he had any of the stock

Here Sam grabbed his fractured collar and wayward necktie, and tried to fix them in place.

"I only got across to the other side when your messenger, Texas——"

"Texas!" exclaimed the broker.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I mean your messenger, Fred Lee. He rushed up and grabbed me around the body, and said you wanted me. I told him I'd stop in when I got back from Mr. Osborn's, but he wouldn't have it. He just held on and yanked me across the street before I knew where I was. He's as strong as a grizzly. He wouldn't listen to me at all, but ran me upstairs and into this room. Now look at me! I'm a wreck, and my boss won't understand what's keeping me so long."

Mr. Rhoades began to see through the mistake his messenger had made, and bit his lips to suppress a smile.

"I am sorry, Kimball," said the broker, apologetically, "that Lee used you so roughly. I assure you that he did not realize just what he ought to have done under the circumstances. I told him to bring you back, but, of course, I did not mean that he was to use force to do it. I wanted to tell you to inform Mr. Winterbury that I have some Southern Railway shares. There's a block of 3,000 in my safe that for the moment, being very busy when you called, slipped my mind. I will therefore offer you an apology for Lee's conduct, which, as I said before, was unintentional, for he's all right at heart, and request you to deliver my message to Mr. Winterbury. Fred, I desire that you will make it all right with Kimball. He is certainly entitled to an apology and reparation from you. I hope, after this, you will tone down, and think before you act. Remember, you are in New York and not in Texas."

"Gentlemen," to the curious throng, already grown to quite formidable proportions, "I beg you to retire. There is no occasion for all this excitement. My messenger was simply guilty of a blunder, and that's all there is to it."

He advanced and waved them back, and the crowd quickly melted out into the corridor and departed. As for Fred Lee, he had awakened to the fact that he had exceeded the strict lines of his duty, and felt a bit sheepish over it.

"I'm a fool, I guess," he said, in a half-comical, half-serious way. "I'm dern sorry I hustled you so hard, Kimball, an' I hope yo' won't take no offense, fo' none is meant. There's my hand on it, pard. I'm willing to do anythin' yo' say to square things. I hope we'll be friends after this, fo' I reckon yo' are the right sort, an' won't hold no grudge."

"That's all right, Texas—I mean Lee," began Sam, grasping him by the hand.

"Oh, yo' kin call me Texas, if yo' want to. I come from that State, an' I reckon I'm proud of it. We're friends, then, an' yo' don't hold nothin' ag'in' me?"

"Not a thing, old chappie," replied Sam, enthusiastically.

"Say, you're just the kind of chap I like to cotton to, Kimball. Yo' an' me are goin' to stick, I reckon. I want yo' to show me around, an' take some of the roughness out of me. What say? Yo' will find I'm all right when the rough edges are smoothed down."

"All right, Texas. Count on me. But I've got to go. I'll see you later."

They shook hands again, and from that moment a strong friendship sprang up between them, and Kimball found Fred Lee true blue from his head down.

CHAPTER II.—Texas Gets Hold Of a Tip and Makes Use Of It.

Next morning all Wall Street was laughing at the incident related in the previous chapter, for a reporter of one of the prominent dailies got hold of the facts, and wrote the story up in a style that attracted attention. Several brokers who dropped in at Winterbury's jollied Sam unmercifully about the prominent part he had enacted in the affair, and when he started out to deliver his first message he was feeling rather sheepish. He was bound for the Exchange, and, as luck would have it, he ran into a crowd of A. D. T. boys around the New street entrance.

"Say, fellows," chirped one of them, "here's the chap that got carried off his feet by a Texas cyclone yesterday mornin'."

"Hello, Kimball!" cried another. "How do you like wrestlin' with wild and woolly cowboys?"

"You're an easy mark!" exclaimed a third. "I hear that Texas chap made a football out of you and kicked you all the way across Wall Street."

"You're a liar!" retorted Sam, who by this time was hot under the collar.

"I wouldn't stand for that, Murray. Why don't you punch him in the smeller?" said a companion. "You ought to be able to wipe the street with him. Why, a kid could do him up!"

"Could he?" snorted Sam. "Perhaps you think you can. If you say another word I'll make you look like two ways for Sunday."

"You will, I don't think," replied the other, sarcastically. "You're a stuff, you are, to let a mug from Texas do you up!"

Sam sprang at him and laid him sprawling on the sidewalk.

"Jump him, fellows! He's smashed Terry in the eye!" cried Murray, aiming a blow at Sam, who avoided it by jumping quickly to one side.

The crowd of six, however, went for Sam in red-hot style, and he was getting decidedly the worst of it when Fred Lee appeared at the back entrance of the Exchange. His sharp eyes singled out Kimball in the midst of the scrap, and with a whoop he went for the mob. He scattered them like chaff with his sweeping arms, and the messengers fled to a safe distance and began to guy him as hard as they could.

"Hello, you Texas Leaguer! You ain't got no business in Wall Street."

"Get a move on out of here, you wild and woolly cowboy!"

"Where's your lariat, and your guns, and your wide hat and boots?"

"Oh, you Texas lobster!"

Such were a few of the epithets hurled at the Westerner. But Lee didn't mind them in the least.

No more than a lion would a pack of yelping jackals.

"I'm glad you turned up, Texas," said Sam. "I wouldn't have minded a couple of those kids, but six are more than I can handle all at once."

"What did they jump you for?" asked Lee.

"Oh, I slugged one of them in the eye for guying me about the way you handled me yesterday. You see, it's in the morning paper, and the whole Street is talking about it. Every broker I know has been making me feel like thirty cents this morning."

"Well, now, I'm sorry, Kimball," replied Lee. "If yo' think it'll set yo' right ag'in pitch right into me an' lick the stuffin' out o' me, an' I won't do a thing to stop yo'."

"Just as if I would," grinned Sam. "We're friends, aren't we?"

"I reckon we are, Kimball."

"I'd look fine, wouldn't I, tackling you?"

"Yo' are welcome if 'twould do yo' any good," replied the Texan.

"Well, it wouldn't do me any good, old man. But I can't stop here chinning to you. I've got a message to deliver to Broker Harlow."

"All right. Don't let me keep yo'." And Lee hurried back to his office.

He sprang up the stairs of the Geyser Building three at a time, and stalked down the corridor toward Mr. Rhodes' office, just as a door opened and a dudish individual, got up regardless, came out. A collision was unavoidable on account of the messenger's speed, and the weakest naturally went to the wall. That happened to the dude. He caromed off and sat down with an unpleasant shock.

"Beg yo' pardon, sah; I didn't see yo' in time," said Fred, extending his hand to help the injured party on his feet.

"Go way, you ruffian!" exclaimed the dude, looking around for his glasses, for he was near-sighted. "What do you mean by knocking me down, you rascal? Cawn't you see where you're going? I've a good mind to hand you over to an officer."

"I'm sorry," replied the boy, good-naturedly. "Let me help yo' up, sah."

"Go 'way, I tell you! You're a boorish rascal!"

He picked up his glasses, placed them on his nose, regarded Fred with a look of disgust, picked himself up, dusted his trousers with his gloved hand, and then walked off toward the elevator with an air of injured dignity. The boy from the West looked after him with a grin until he disappeared, and was about to start on again when he saw a card lying on the marble floor.

He picked it up and looked at it. There was some writing on one side.

"I wonder if that chap dropped that?" he asked himself. "It doesn't seem to amount to much, anyway."

He entered his office carrying it in his hand. Removing his hat, he sat down and looked at the writing on the card. This is the way it read:

Dear Chappie: I promised to hand you out a tip at the first chance I got. Here it is: Buy C. & A. to the extent of your pile. You can't lose. It will go up ten to twenty points inside of a week, as sure as eggs are eggs. Don't miss this.

Yours.

Gus.

Hanged if I kin make head or tail of this thing," mused Fred, as he pondered over the communication. "I promised to hand yo' a tip at the first chance I got.' This must be a line on the races, and C. & A. the initials of two horses. I can't understand what this means: 'It will go up ten or twenty points inside of a week.' That sounds mighty like the stock market. Maybe the thing does refer to stock. I must go inside an' ask Miss Fuller. I reckon she kin tell me, if any one kin."

So Fred walked into the counting-room and over to Miss Mollie Fuller's corner, where the pretty stenographer was hard at work rattling the keys of her typewriter.

"I beg yo' pardon, Miss Fuller," he said, with true Southern deference toward the fair sex. "I picked this card up in the hall outside, a moment ago. Kin yo' tell me what it's all about? Is it a tip on the races or somethin' about stocks?"

Mollie glanced over it.

"It seems to be a tip on C. & A. stock," said the girl. "It might be a valuable pointer, and then it might not."

"What stock is C. & A.?" asked Fred.

"That means Chicago & Alton—a Western railroad."

"The fellow who wrote on that card says that it will go up ten or twenty points in a week. If a chap bought that stock now, an' held it fo' a week, wouldn't he make ten or twenty dollars a share?"

"If there's any truth in the tip he certainly would."

"Why can't I make that ten or twenty dollars? How much will it cost me to buy a share of that stock?"

"I suppose you mean on margin? You couldn't buy a single share of any stock that way. I think ten shares is the smallest number any broker will buy or sell for a customer, and most brokers of standing, like Mr. Rhodes, for instance, won't bother with an order for less than a hundred shares. In any case, Fred, you don't want to begin speculating, for the stock market is the greatest game of chance in the world, and you'd be almost sure to lose the money you put up on margin."

"Waal, I'll allow yo' had ought to know consid'able. So it's a risky business to buy stocks, is it?"

"Very."

"An' yo' are almost sure to lose yo'r money, eh?"

"You may have five chances in a hundred of winning."

"But shorely some people get rich off stocks, or the papers lie?"

"They're usually brokers, or money men who gamble on a sure thing."

"Do yo' s'pose I kin find out what Chicago & Alton is sellin' fo' by lookin' at the ticker?"

"If there have been any sales you can, I suppose."

"Waal, I'll jest run out an' see."

He looked up the initials on the tape, and found that the last quotation read: "400 C. & A. 67."

"I reckon that means that four hundred shares of Chicago & Alton were sold fo' \$67 a share."

Accordin' to this tip on the card, that stock will go up to \$77 or \$87 a share inside of a week. I must see Kimball about this. I reckon he kin put me wise to the way to make a stake. I've got nearly \$400 left of the money I brought with me. I ought to be able to buy somethin' with that. Miss Fuller says people are fools to buy stock, yet they don't seem to be doin' nothin' else in Wall Street. It's my opinion that if people are lucky they kin make money in Wall Street as well as anywhere else. I don't know whether I'm one of the lucky ones or not. The only way to find out, I reckon, is to test the matter, an' I'm game to do that. I'm bound to make money if it's to be made. That's what brought me to Wall Street. I guess I'd be a fool if I didn't take advantage o' any chance that came my way to do it. Everybody is after money in Wall Street, an' I reckon I'm goin' to join the procession."

Fully resolved as to what he meant to do, Fred met Sam after office hours that afternoon and put the case squarely before him. Sam read the writing on the card, and told Lee that it had all the ear-marks of a first-class copper-fastened pointer.

"Got any money lying around loose, Texas?" he asked.

"Sure. Nearly \$400."

"Then you bring it down to-morrow morning, take it around to a little bank on Nassau Street, just above Wall, and buy 50 shares of C. & A. on a ten per cent. margin. It will cost you about \$335. Then watch the ticker whenever you get a chance. If it goes up to ten or twelve points in a week, why sell out. That is, run around to the bank where you gave the order, and tell the clerk to close you out at the market. Understand?"

"I reckon I do, Kimball."

Next morning Fred brought his money down with him and followed instructions.

"I reckon I stand to make \$500, or lose what I've put up on margin," he said to himself when he took his seat in the waiting-room after he had put the transaction through. "I guess I'm satisfied to take the chance."

CHAPTER III.—Texas Cleans Up Over One Thousand Dollars.

Lee concluded not to say anything to Mollie Fuller about the deal he had gone into.

"Time enough to tell her if I win out," he said to himself. "If I make \$10 a share on C. & A. maybe she'll think I'm a smart fellow, an' I reckon that's jes' what I want her to think. She's a mighty pretty girl. I ain't seen none prettier since I came to town. I wonder if she'd let me call on her if I was to ask her? I'm afraid I ain't got cheek enough to do that, yet a while. I'm goin' to try an' make myself solid with her, anyway. I would like to know what she thinks o' me. I s'pose she imagines I'm a sort o' cowboy 'coz I come from the West. I must get a New York polish on jes' as soon as I kin. I reckon a nice girl like her kin make a gentleman out o' a fellow sooner than he kin do it himself. Yes, she's a fine girl, all right, an' I think a heap o' her."

The clerks in the office had been having a good deal of quiet fun out of Fred since he became a fixture at the office. But this wore off when they saw how good-naturedly he took their chaff, and how anxious he was to do anything for them on the slightest provocation.

By the time Lee was three weeks in the office every person in it respected and liked him, and were ready to reciprocate the favors he was anxious to render.

About noon on the day Fred bought the fifty shares of C. & A. he met Sam on the Stock Exchange and told him he had bought the stock.

"I'm glad to see that you lost no time about it," replied Sam, "for it's gone up a point since the Exchange opened. I should have gone into the thing myself if I'd had any money, but I haven't. My folks need all my money, so I'm always strapped."

"Waal, I've got \$60 I kin lend yo' if it will do yo' any good," said Fred, generously. "I'd like to see yo' make somethin', too."

"Thanks, Texas, but it wouldn't be right for me to borrow it. A screw might come loose in that boom, and then I'd lose along with yourself. I never could pay the sixty back, and would feel meaner than sour apples."

"Don't let that worry yo', Kimball. I've got the money in my pocket, now, an' it would kinder make me feel good to loan it to yo' if I thought yo' could make a stake along with me. Don't yo' think yo' could?"

"Well, if I had \$8 more I could buy ten shares of C. & A. at the present figure. Perhaps I could raise it," he added, with unfeigned eagerness, for he was confident that the stock was slated for a good rise.

"Jes' yo' try, Kimball. Here's the sixty. If things should come out wrong, I sha'n't ask yo' fo' the money. I'll put it down as the damages I owe yo' fo' the rough house I handed yo' out day before yesterday."

"Thank you, Texas. I won't forget it. You're the finest fellow I ever knew, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin, if you'll let me."

"Why not?" smiled Lee. "That's the way we do down in Texas when we cotton to a chap. Why not the same in New York?"

"It shall be the same with us, Texas," replied Sam, fervently. "When I like a fellow, and he stands by me like you're doing, I can't do too much for him. If the whole world went back on you, Texas, I wouldn't, and that's all there is to it."

"Yo' are all right, Kimball," said Lee, grasping him by the hand. "Yo' kin count on me every time."

With those words the two boys separated and returned to their respective offices. Sam raked the eight dollars together that afternoon and bought ten shares of C. & A. on margin. From that day on he coached Lee on the stock market, and the Texan was quick to pick up points on the way things were done in the Street. The boys kept their eyes on the ticker when the chance offered, and canvassed the situation every afternoon after business hours. C. & A. gradually went up to 73, and then the boom began to work, and it advanced in bounds amid great excitement on the floor of the Exchange. Six days from the time Lee bought the fifty shares the brokers

were falling over themselves trying to get hold of the stock, which seemed to be scarce. That fact only increased their desire to buy, and whetted the public's appetite for the stock also.

It reached 80 before the boys realized their good fortune, and then Lee wanted to know whether they had better sell out and take profits. Sam, however, said no, because he was certain it would go well toward the 90 point, and Fred let him run the deal, as he had great confidence in his experience.

On the following Tuesday it struck 90, as Sam believed it would, and then they both seized the first chance to sell out. Their shares went at 90 5-8. When they got their checks and statements, Lee found himself \$1,060 winner, and Sam had made \$225. Whereupon they shook hands with great satisfaction, and went to the theater that night at Fred's expense.

"I reckon I kin afford to tell Miss Fuller now," said Fred, with a smile of satisfaction, as he was preparing to go to bed. "I don't think she'll size me up for such an all-fired fool, if I am new to Wall Street."

So next morning Lee made it a point to walk in on Miss Fuller before she got started at her work.

"I reckon I've done somethin' contrary to yo'r advice, Miss Fuller," he began.

"What's that, Fred?" she asked, with a smile.

"I've been an' monkeyed with the stock market."

"You haven't!"

"Yes, I have. Yo' said I'd be a fool if I did, but I jes' thought I'd see how much o' a fool I was, so I bought fifty shares of Chicago & Alton at 67."

"Did you really? You've been fortunate, then, for the stock has gone up quite high in the past week. Have you sold out yet?"

"Sold out day befo' yesterday, an' cleaned up over a thousand dollars."

"What a fortunate boy you are!" she exclaimed, apparently delighted at his success. "Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank yo', Miss Fuller. I thought I'd tell yo', though I wasn't sure how yo' would take it, seein' as yo' advised me not to touch the game. I was afraid yo' might feel kinder vexed with me fo' not followin' yo' advice in the matter. I would rather lose the money than yo'r good opinion."

"You are very kind to say that, Fred, and I appreciate the sentiment," replied Mollie, blushing under the boy's ardent gaze. "I hope, however, you will not be in a hurry to take any more chances, for I should hate to hear that you had lost your winnings. How did you manage the deal?"

Fred told her how Sam had helped him see it through to a successful conclusion.

"We got out jes' in time, Miss Fuller, for C. & A. is down to 85 this mornin'."

"And I guess it will be lower still before the day is out."

"Then yo' think I did right to buy the stock, don't yo'?"

"Certainly, since you've been so lucky as not to get caught."

"Yo' will admit, then, that people can some-

times make money in Wall Street, even when they're as green as I am?"

"There are exceptions to every rule," she laughed. "The fact that you have come out all right does not change my opinion at all. In fact, I've heard more than one broker say that it is generally the worst thing that can happen to a person to have their first deal turn out fortunately."

"How is that, Miss Fuller?"

"Because it encourages them to venture deeper next time."

"I can't venture no deeper than I did, for I put up all the money I had."

"Well, Fred, now that you've made \$1,000, I advise you to put it in a bank and let it draw interest. It will be safe then."

"I reckon I'll do that, Miss Fuller; but if I see a chance to make some mo' money in the market I s'pose I'll be jes' such a fool as to try to make it. "Yo' see, I'm bound to make money if I kin. We always do that down in Texas, an' I can't get it out o' my bones. There are millions of money in Wall Street, an' it would give me a heap of pleasure to lasso some of it."

Mollie laughed, shook her finger at the Texan, and turned to her machine, while Lee turned on his heel and went back to the waiting-room.

One day Fred was sent with a message to Mr. Thomas Coots of Coots & Co. The office boy announced Fred with a note and as he entered and handed the letter to Mr. Coots a draft of wind from an open window swept several documents off of the broker's desk onto the floor behind Lee. Fred got down on his knees and gathered the documents together. One of them Fred noticed was a contract for the leasing of the N. Y. & N., a short railroad. Fred had read in one of the morning papers that the officers of the L. & H. road were believed to be negotiating for the control of the N. Y. & N., which had been a losing proposition, and the paper stated if the deal went through it would result in a material advance in N. Y. & N. securities.

When Fred had gathered the documents together the answer to the letter was ready and he returned to the office. He then noticed that L. & H. had closed at 120 and that N. Y. & N. was listed at 42.

The next day he saw Sam and stated the matter of N. Y. & N. to him, and Sam said he had overheard his boss tell a customer that L. & H. was about to take the other road over and guarantee a dividend to the stockholders.

That made Fred do a lot of thinking and when he had a chance to go out he bought 350 shares of N. Y. & N. at 42. He also bought 50 shares for Sam's account.

The boys watched the ticker closely for more than a week, but no advance was noted.

CHAPTER IV.—Texas Makes Five Thousand Dollars.

Nearly a month went by, and there was not a word printed in the papers about the N. Y. & N. matter, much to the disappointment of the boys. They canvassed the situation every afternoon, with not a little anxiety for the future.

"I reckon Miss Fuller was right when she warned me ag'in this Wall Street game o' chance. If I go busted over this deal it would make me feel like thirty cents," said Fred.

"Well, I don't now what to think about it," replied Sam. "Seems to me, if there was anything doing between those roads it ought to have come out before this, especially as you actually saw a copy of a contract which jibed with the rumor that was being circulated at the time. What I'm most afraid of is that there's been a hitch over the arrangements at the last moment, and the deal may have been called off, or delayed indefinitely. Now, we can't afford to hold the stock, with the chances that it may go to 40 or less the moment the bears get control of the market, which they are liable to do any time. First thing we know, our margin will be wiped out, between interest charges, commissions, and depreciation in value."

"Waal, Kimball, I don't want to see yo' lose on my pointer," said Fred. "I've got about enough money left to give you the market value for your 50 shares. I'll take them off yo'r hands, if yo' say so."

"That wouldn't be fair, Texas, to saddle you with the shares, as well as the interest and commissions, which about to about \$55 to date. No, I'll hold on as long as you're willing to stay in. If we've got to lose, I'll take my medicine along with you."

"All right, Kimball; yo'r the doctor."

So matters remained as they were for another week, when suddenly, without any warning, the official announcement was made that the L. & H. had leased the N. Y. & N. for a term of ninety-nine years, the lease guaranteeing seven per cent. interest on the first mortgage bonds, and a dividend of four per cent. to the stockholders, payable semi-annually. The name of the leased line was changed to the N. Y. & P., and stockholders who had not been in the swim were now invited by advertisement to call at the office of Coots & Co. and exchange the old shares for new ones as soon as possible.

There was an immediate rush made by the brokers to buy any floating shares of N. Y. & N. that they could pick up, but persons holding the stock were not over anxious to part with their holdings. The result was a spirited bidding that sent the stock to 51 before business closed on the Exchange for the day. Fred and Sam, who had about decided to sell out and accept their losses was as much philosophy as possible, were tickled to death at the unexpected change in their prospects. Both happening to come out of their respective offices bound on an errand at the same moment, they fell into each other's arms like long lost brothers suddenly reunited.

"We're saved at the eleventh hour!" cried Sam, chucking his hat into the air.

"We'll get out with a whole skin now, an' somethin' to boot."

"Bet your life we will! I'm already more'n \$100 to the good, and, of course, you are six times better than me. Don't you feel like getting a gun and painting the town red?"

"No. Such things don't go in New York. That's all right for the ranch, but here things are more civilized. I'm gettin' toned down now. I reckon they'd hardly know me out West."

When the boys came together at half-past three, with the knowledge that the stock was eight points above what they paid for it, they were still more joyous.

"We came near sellin' out several times, didn't we, Kimball?" said Fred.

"That's what we did. If we'd done so we'd feel now like kicking ourselves around the block."

"I reckon it pays sometimes to hold on."

"It's paying us in this case. You've made over \$2,000 since you came to work this morning. That's about six years' wages."

"And you've made a year's wages yourself."

"That's right. I'm afraid this hat of mine won't fit me to-morrow. I can feel my head swelling already. I'm going to buy a swell outfit for Sunday out of my winnings, and make all the fellows in my block jealous."

"Yo' ain't got no idea, have yo', how high the stock is goin'?"

"No, but from the excitement to-day at the Exchange I guess it will turn sixty all right."

"If it goes to sixty we'll make \$17 a share, less expenses."

"That will be over \$800 for me, and I will be worth \$1,000 altogether. Hold me up, Texas. I feel I'm going to have a fit!"

Sam made a bluff to fall against the Westerner, and Fred seized him with a grip that made him jump.

"Oh, I say, now, what did you take me for—a wooden image?" asked Sam, feeling his arms with a grimace.

"Yo' said yo' were goin' to have a fit, so I thought I'd bring yo' to quick," laughed Fred.

Next morning N. Y. & N. opened strong at 51 3-8, and the scramble for shares was unabated. The price was quickly bid up to 55, with no takers. Just before the Exchange closed 500 shares changed hands at 60. Both of the boys saw that figure on the tape in their respective offices and were pleased to death.

"I reckon it's high enough to suit me," said Fred to himself. "I'm goin' to sell out while the iron is hot."

Half an hour later, when he met Sam, he told him that he was going to close out the deal at the market price.

"All right," replied Sam. "We'll stop in at the bank on our way to Broadway."

They accordingly did, and the clerk received directions to dispose of the shares in the morning when the Exchange opened. The 350 shares went at 60 5-8 as soon as they were offered, and the buyer sold them within an hour at 62. The boys, however, didn't know nor care what happened to the shares after they had passed out of their possession. N. Y. & N. reached its highest figure, 66, that day at two o'clock, then it settled back and closed at 64. A week later it was stationary around 58.

When the boys got their statements from the bank Fred found he had made \$5,000, and Sam's profits were \$800. They celebrated their good fortune by patronizing a swell restaurant uptown, and then going to the theatre. Sam was so elated over the knowledge that he was actually worth a thousand dollars that Lee, who was as cool as a cucumber himself, had considerable trouble in restraining his enthusiasm.

CHAPTER V.—Texas Studies Wall Street Methods.

Of course, Fred had to tell Mollie Fuller about his second deal in the market, and the fair stenographer was astonished at his good luck. She couldn't understand how a greenhorn in Wall Street could pull over \$6,000 out of the market within a few weeks, when wiser people than he in the game had gone broke within the same length of time.

"If you keep on as you've begun, Fred, you won't leave any money in the Street by the time you're twenty-one," laughed Mollie.

"Now yo' makin' fun at me, Miss Fuller," he said. "However, I don't mind what yo' do at all. I only wish I had a sister like yo', I really do."

"I should consider it quite an honor to be your sister, Fred," replied Mollie. "I should never get tired telling the girls what a smart brother I had."

"An' I reckon I'd be tellin' all the fellows what a handsome an' smart sister I had, don't you think?"

"Oh, come now, Fred, no bouquets, please!" exclaimed Mollie, with a heightened color.

"Why, I ain't offered yo' no bouquets, Miss Fuller; but I reckon I ought to have known enough to have done so befo' this. I'll get yo' one to-day."

"No, no, Fred! You mustn't do any such thing!" said Mollie hastily, flushing up to her hair.

"Yo' don't mind if I give yo' a bouquet, do yo'? Just a little one. Yo' see, when a girl has been as kind to a fellow as yo' have been to me since I came to the office, he feels as if he'd like to show his appreciation in some way, an' I don't know jest how else I kin do it, Miss Fuller."

"If you really wish to give me a few flowers, Fred, I will accept them from you, for I shall understand and appreciate the motive which prompts the offering. I would not accept them from any one else in the office."

"Thank yo', Miss Fuller. It will give me a whole lot o' satisfaction bringin' them to you."

Then he went away and returned to his seat in the waiting-room. A few minutes later he was sent out on an errand, and he made it a point to buy some cut flowers from a vendor in Broad Street, and brought them back with him. He laid them on Mollie's desk, without a word, receiving from her a "thank you, Fred," and went back to his post feeling unusually happy. Subsequently he noticed that one of the roses ornamented her nut brown hair, while the others stood in a tumbler on her desk. The clerks in the counting-room soon got on to the flowers, and a very expressive wink passed around among them. They were all satisfied that the Texan was mashed on the typewriter. After that Fred took the liberty of bringing Mollie flowers two or three times a week, and she always accepted them with a smile. The boy from the West having decided that the stock market was the sphere that suited his money-making ideas, devoted all his spare time to studying how things were worked in Wall Street. Having learned about all that Sam knew on the subject he began to add to his knowl-

edge on his own hook. He kept close track of the ups and downs of every important stock on the list. The more he learned the less inclined was he to rush hot-headed into a deal as he had at first been tempted to do. He kept his eyes and ears well employed, not for the purpose of prying into other people's affairs, but to pick up nuggets of Wall Street wisdom.

He was growing wiser every day to the fact that it is of the utmost importance to be well up in the game that one wishes to play, especially when it is a game where the blanks are many and the prizes few. Thus the weeks passed away, winter came and went, and spring was well advanced toward summer. Lee had now been ten months in Wall Street, and was a much different boy to what he had been when he made his entree in the metropolis. He didn't talk quite so broad as he had at first, but still any one could have seen that he was from the Southwest. Sam Kimball still continued to call him Texas, and had he ceased to do it Lee would have noticed and remarked upon the omission.

No one else, however, addressed him that way, and it is probable that he wouldn't have liked it if they had. He and Sam were chums, and what Sam did was all right in Fred's estimation. Coming from him, the appellation "Texas" sounded natural and satisfactory, while from another it would have been considered a sarcasm. One day Sam bounced into Mr. Rhodes' office with his face shining with excitement. There were a number of customers in the room, most of them gathered about the ticker. Sam looked around to see if Lee was in, and perceiving him seated in his accustomed chair near a window, glided across the room toward him.

"Hello, Sam!" cried Fred, in some surprise. "Want to see Mr. Rhodes?"

"No. I want to see you."

"Well, I guess yo' see me, don't yo'?" laughed the young Texan.

"I want to tell you something on the quiet."

"Then whisper it in my ear."

"I've got on to a first-class pointer."

"What! At last?"

"Yes, at last. It's the first I've picked up since I've been in Wall Street."

"Better late than never," chuckled Fred.

"What's yo'r tip?"

"There's going to be a boom in D. & L."

"How came yo' to learn that?"

"I overheard three brokers talking about it in the vestibule of the Grantley Building."

"What did they say?"

"One of them is in the deal. He's a man named White, worth several millions, I have heard. The others are engaged to buy and afterward boom the stock. White said that he wanted the others to begin to-morrow buying up all the shares in sight as quietly as they could, so that no attention would be attracted to what they were about. D. & L. is going now at 62, and they hope to keep it at that figure, or close to it, until they have secured the bulk of what they want. White mentioned the names of several brokers whom he believed had some of the shares in their office, and he advised his companions to visit these traders and buy what they had. That's all I

heard, but I think it's enough to put you and me next to a good thing. We want to get right in on the ground floor with the syndicate, of which White is the managing head, and when they begin to take profits we want to do the same, or a little before, if we're smart enough to strike it right."

Fred asked Sam many questions, and became satisfied that his chum had made no mistake.

"I can put up the margin on a thousand shares at 62," he said. "How many shares can yo' copper?"

Sam made a quick mental calculation, and said he could afford to tackle 150.

"Can yo' get yo'r money befo' the bank brokerage department closes?" asked Fred.

"Yes, I can get it," replied Sam.

"All right, then, we'll go to the bank together and leave our orders."

Just then Mr. Rhodes rang for Lee, and Sam left the room. That afternoon Fred and Sam carried a bunch of money to the margin clerk in the little bank in Nassau Street. The former ordered 1,000 shares of D. & L. bought for his account at 62, and the latter ordered 150 shares of the same. Then they went home feeling that fortune was about to smile on them once more.

CHAPTER VI.—Texas and His Chum Have the Scare of Their Lives.

Two days later there was an unexpected fall in the market, and D. & L., in sympathy with other stocks on the list, fell three points. That afternoon, when Fred and Sam met, they looked blankly at each other.

"I never looked for anything like this to happen," remarked Sam, with a disconsolate expression.

The boys felt a bit gloomy over the outlook, for though they felt assured that they had gone in on a good thing, this unexpected turn in affairs threatened to wipe out all their chances of ultimate success.

Neither Fred nor Sam had any money to speak of outside of what they had put up to hold the shares of D. & L. they had purchased, so that another drop of a couple of points would jeopardize their interests, and place them on the ragged edge. And under present circumstances such a drop was almost certain to happen on the following day. It is the unexpected which always seems to happen in Wall Street, and litters the Street with so many financial wrecks, and they were getting a taste of the bitter side of stock speculation. The Exchange had closed that day in a panic, with the bears wildly hilarious, and the cafes downtown, and, later on, uptown, were filled with dire predictions of what the next day was likely to bring forth. Next morning a large proportion of the brokers who had previously been buying for their customers rushed into the Exchange with their pocket full of selling orders for their clients, who had taken alarm, and wanted to get out as easily as they could.

The bears were on hand, ready at the stroke of the gavel to continue their slaughter of prices, and reap fortunes at the expenses of friends and

foes alike. Lee was down early at the office, studying the reports in the daily press, which, to tell the truth, were not at all encouraging. His face showed the current of his thoughts, and Mollie Fuller, when she arrived, remarked that he looked cast down, which was not usual with him.

She thought he must have received bad news from some source, and felt a strong and sisterly sympathy for him.

"Good morning, Miss Fuller," he said, with a forced smile.

"Good morning, Fred," she replied, kindly, passing toward the counting-room.

He made a motion as if to arrest her steps, and then stopped and took up the paper again. She noticed the action and stopped.

"Did you want to say anything to me?"

"No," he replied, hastily; "that is, I wanted to tell yo' something, but I guess it doesn't matter. I'll tell yo' to-morrow, when—when it's all over."

"When what's all over?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Don't yo' ask me now, Miss Fuller. Yo' will only think I've been and made a fool out of myself, and I hate to have yo' think that of me," he blurted out.

"I can never think that of you, Fred," she answered, softly.

"Do yo' mean that, Miss Fuller? Do yo' really mean that?" he asked, springing up and seizing her hand, eagerly.

"I do. I have the very highest opinion of you. I am sure you will never do anything to alter it."

"Yo' wouldn't say that if yo' knew that I'd been and—but I can't tell yo' now. Maybe to-morrow I'll—"

"Why, Fred, how strangely you talk. What has happened to you?"

"What yo' said would happen if I—but I won't tell yo' now. I won't."

"Yes, you will, Fred," she replied, going up to him and laying her hand on his shoulder. "You have said more than once that you wished I was your sister. Now if you're in trouble I want you to confide in me as you would if I really were your sister. Won't you?"

"But yo' will think me an all-fired fool, Miss Fuller," he said, with some hesitation.

"No, I won't. Do tell me what's troubling you."

Then he told her how he and Kimball, on the strength of a good tip, had put up all their funds on D. & L., expecting that it would soon go up a dozen or more points. Now the market had taken an unexpected turn to the bad, and it looked as if that day would see their finish.

"It's too bad, Fred," she said, sympathetically. "How much did you invest?"

"Six thousand two hundred dollars."

"I don't wonder that you feel discouraged, Fred. I am very sorry this has happened, but no one can foresee with certainty what's going to happen to the market from one day to another. That's why stock speculation is so risky. The most conservative brokers, as a rule, let their customers do the speculating, while they pocket the commissions and interest charges."

"I thought I had a pretty sure thing, and I guess it would have been all right only fo' the bears jumpin' in and breaking prices all around."

"Well, maybe things will change for the better to-day," she said, encouragingly.

"I'm afraid they won't. The papers say that prices will be lower to-day."

"The papers are not always sure prophets. Something is just as likely to happen to send the market the other way, as it was to break it yesterday morning."

"I wish it would, but the chances are it won't."

"Well, let me know how you come out, Fred. Remember, I am interested in the matter, and will be wishing you luck all day."

With those words, and an encouraging smile, Mollie passed on, leaving Fred feeling considerably better. A little after ten the cashier sent Lee over to the Exchange, with a note for Mr. Rhodes. When the boy arrived there his employer, with other brokers who were long on the market, was doing his best to stem the tide that had set in against them, but with poor success.

The bears were pounding away at prices, and the floor was in a turmoil. All stocks were more or less affected, and the programme, as outlined in the newspapers, seemed likely to be carried out.

Suddenly several big bull operators made their appearance and began to buy right and left. This arrested the slump as if by magic. The bears, however, were full of fight and tried to overwhelm the newcomers by selling short when they had disposed of their holdings. Other bulls, taking courage, began to chip in, and a desperate battle for supremacy between the rival factions ensued. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stock changed hands, and when Fred made his second visit to the Exchange the scales were still in the balance. Duncan Mangrove and his clique had by this time sold thousands of shares that they did not own at the moment, but hoped to buy in later for delivery at a round profit. They continued to sell in a desperate effort to force prices down, for they knew if things went against them all their profits of the previous day would vanish and they might be added thousands out.

At noon more bulls came into the fight and then the tide turned and stocks began to advance once more, in spite of the best efforts of the bears. D. & L., which had lost another point during the earlier hours, which fact having been noted on the tickers by both Fred and Sam, had setn their hearts into their mouths, began to recover and went up an eighth at a time until it reached 61 at three o'clock, when the Exchange closed. The whole aspect of the situation had been changed during the day—the slump had been reversed into a once more bouyant market, and those who had lost nerve and sold out at a loss earlier in the day were now kicking themselves because they did not hold on. As for Fred and Sam, after having had the scare of their lives, they were now looking forward with a cheerful anticipation of higher figures next day.

CHAPTER VII.—Texas Overhears a Plot That Involves His Boss.

By noon next day D. & L. had got back to 62, the price the boys had paid for their shares, and they were feeling pretty good again. Fred re-

ported the fact to Mollie, and she congratulated him. At half-past twelve the young Westerner was sent with a message to an office in Broad Street, and on his return he stepped into a cafe for a drink of water. This place furnished a high-class lunch, and the smell of the food awakened such a hungry feeling in the boy that he decided to have a bite then and there. There were tables all about the place, and half a dozen of them were boxed off at the back for people who preferred to eat apart from the general crowd. Fred found that every table was occupied. Glancing at the boxes, he saw that they, too, were all occupied.

"I guess I don't eat here unless I stand up in front of the carver's counter," he said to himself. Just then a waiter tapped him on the shoulder.

"There's a single seat behind that last box yonder," he said. "Tell me what you want and I'll bring it to you." The boy gave his modest order and then walked over to the place pointed out. It was a kind of alcove, with one chair and a small, round-top table, which almost filled the place. Fred took possession of the chair and the waiter presently brought him his order. There was a party of four brokers in the box next to Fred, and the boy soon recognized Duncan Mangrove's voice through the partition.

"How much am I out?" he heard a man say, in answer to the question put by one of his companions. "Over \$100,000. I don't care for that so much as the fact that Rhodes escaped me. I thought I had him dead, and would have squeezed him if it hadn't been for the Harwood bunch that brought their millions to bear against us."

"Better luck next time," laughed one of his friends.

"I hope so, for I have a plan under way now to do him up. I hate these Southerners. Rhodes, in particular, has been a thorn in my side once or twice. Three months ago he squeezed me for a wad, and I haven't forgotten it."

"What plan have you got? Isn't there anything in it for the rest of us? Any little pickling would be welcome after the roasting we got yesterday."

"I was thinking of taking you in, for we four work hand-in-glove together, generally. I'll tell you what the scheme is. I've discovered that Rhodes has secured a ten-day option on 10,000 shares of H. & F. Traction at 86. Four days of the time have expired and the price has gone up three points. It's almost certain to go higher, as matters stand, and he'll make a bunch of money out of it. Now, if we can only keep him away from the Street until the option expires, and in the meantime, with our backing, sell the stock short, and force it down to 80 or lower, we could recover the bulk of our losses of yesterday and do him out of a big wad at the same time."

"Why is it necessary to get him out of the way? There have been rumors lately of a threatened strike of the traction line, which I don't believe will amount to anything, but which we could use to good advantage in attacking the stock. I think a concerted effort on our part will do the business, anyway."

"You forget that Rhodes is thick with the Harwood crowd. He'd get them to block us, as they did yesterday."

"They came to the rescue of the market yesterday because their own interests compelled them to do so. It wasn't on Rhode's account."

"That's true; but they stand ready to help him out any time he's in trouble. That fact I have learned on good authority. He's their favorite broker."

"Well, how are you going to keep Rhodes away from his office for a week?" asked the other, curiously.

"He's a director of the Weehawken Silk Factory, and is going there to-night to attend the quarterly meeting. We must have a carriage to meet him at the ferry, and instead of conveying him to the mills we must see to it that he goes to Mr. Boyd's Sanitarium. I know Boyd. He is a man who will stretch a point, if there's money in it. I'll see to it that Rhodes is properly certificated as a harmless lunatic, who imagines that he is a wealthy stock broker. It will take Boyd a week to discover, apparently, that he has been imposed upon. Then he'll let Rhodes go, with profuse apologies. The certificates will save the doctor from prosecution, if any lurking suspicion arises in the broker's mind that Boyd is an accomplice in the outrage."

"You have a great head, Mangrove," said one of his associates; "but, in my opinion, you are engaging in a risky venture. Rhodes will hire detectives to ferret out the perpetrators of the outrage, and you are liable to raise a hornet's nest about your ears."

"You needn't worry about me, Santes. I'm abundantly able to take care of myself. As you are all coming in on the profits that will accrue to us through this scheme, I naturally expect that one of you at least will help me out in the execution of the plan. I don't care which one of you it is. You may toss up for the honor, if you like. But I shall need one of you to-night to help me out." The other three brokers did not seem to be over-anxious to mix themselves up in a hazard-out affair; but after some talk it was agreed to toss up and abide by the result. The result of the toss was that the lot fell to Santes, who was instructed to meet Mangrove at his office at five o'clock sharp. The party then rose and left the cafe. Fred had listened to every word that was spoken in the box the moment he found that his employer was the subject under discussion.

In that way he learned the whole project that Mangrove proposed to put into execution to accomplish the abduction of Mr. Rhoades at the Weehawken ferry, and his subsequent detention in Dr. Boyd's sanitarium. He was thoroughly astonished at the nerve of Mr. Mangrove.

Soon the boy left his seat, paid for his light lunch, and hastened back to the Geyser Building. The cashier thought he had taken an unusually long time to deliver the message he had sent by him, but he didn't say anything. Fred, therefore, resumed his seat in the reception-room and waited for his employer to return. At twenty minutes to three the cashier called him to take the day's deposits to the bank, and he started off, expecting to find Mr. Rhodes in his private room when he came back.

At half-past three he had not returned, and Fred was at liberty to go home. Of course, under the circumstances, the boy did not think of

doing such a thing. After looking at the ticker and finding that D. & L. had closed at 62 3-8, he sat down again to read an early edition of one of the afternoon papers. While thus engaged, Sam came in, prepared to go uptown.

"Well, Texas, are you ready to quit for the day?" he asked.

"No," replied Fred, "yo' will have to go home without me this afternoon."

"All right. Can you come up to my house to-night?"

"I'm not sure whether I can or not, Kimball; but if I can I will."

Sam hung around a few minutes talking to him, and then took his departure for home. By that time it was close on to four, and Fred thought it high time for Mr. Rhodes to make his appearance.

Suddenly it occurred to him that his employer might not come back to the office again that afternoon. He waited until the clock pointed to four, and then went inside and asked the cashier whether he thought Mr. Rhodes would be back or not.

"I think it's rather doubtful, Fred," replied the cashier. "Are you waiting to see him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if he isn't back by half-past four you may safely conclude that he has gone home."

Half-past four came, but the broker didn't show up.

"He's not coming back, I reckon," thought the boy. "I'll have to go up to his house, otherwise I won't be able to warn him in time of what he'll be up against when he gets over to Weehawken this evening."

As Fred had dined at his employer's home several times since he came to New York, he knew where he lived. He walked up to Broadway and took a subway train for the Grand Central station. Leaving the train there and ascending to the street he took a Madison Avenue car north. Mr. Rhodes lived on Sixty-eighth street, near Fifth Avenue, and a trim-looking maid answered Lee's ring.

"Is Mr. Rhodes at home?" he asked her.

"I don't think so," she replied. "Walk in and I will see."

She went upstairs and presently returned with word that the broker was not at home, and, further, was not expected until quite late, as he had telephoned to Mrs. Rhodes that he would dine downtown, owing to an important business engagement he had to keep, after which he had to attend a directors' meeting at Hoboken. Fred was rather disconcerted at receiving this reply.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself, as he walked down the high stoop, and then stood irresolutely on the sidewalk. "The only thing I see that I can do is to go to the Weehawken ferry on the other side of the river and watch for Mr. Rhodes to come across. As soon as I see him I'll put him on the job that Broker Mangrove has arranged to get him into his power. Then he can decide on what shall be done to queer his enemies." Lee had no idea at what time Mr. Rhodes would cross the river, but he decided to go over himself between half-past seven and eight. Having decided on his course of action, Fred returned to Forty-second Street and, entering a restaurant, ordered his supper. It was about six o'clock when he left the eating-house. As it was far too early

to go to the ferry yet, which was at the foot of the street, he strolled down to Bryant Park, on the corner of Sixth Avenue, and put in the intervening time there. It gradually grew dark, and the gas and electric lamps began to flash through the gloom. When his watch marked the hour of seven, Fred left the park and walked toward the river.

It was some distance to the ferry, and he might easily have taken a crosstown car, but as he had plenty of time he preferred the exercise. He boarded the half-past seven boat and was soon on the river.

CHAPTER VIII.—Texas Goes to the Rescue of Mr. Rhodes.

When Fred got off the boat on the other side he took up his position in the shadow of the railroad shed, where he could get a good view of the people who were aiming for the street and not for the station, when they left the boat. Boat after boat came in to the slip and disgorged its passengers, but Mr. Rhodes did not appear to be among them. The clock was pointing at twenty-five minutes past eight when another boat arrived. Quite a crowd came off her, and among those heading for the street Fred at last recognized his employer. As he started to join him a stout man came into collision with him and upset him. The big man apologized for the accident and helped the young messenger up. Fred was chagrined to find that he had lost sight of Mr. Rhodes.

His only resource was to rush out into the street and try to find him. At first he couldn't see any signs of him, but after a few moments saw him talking to a heavily bearded man, who was pointing at a cab drawn up close by. Fred hurried toward him, as he started to enter the cab. He was too late, however, for the door was slammed by the bearded man, who jumped up beside the driver and the vehicle drove off, briskly. The boy pursued it on a run, but soon found that the cab was leaving him behind. A car came along bound in the same direction, and Fred boarded it. This enabled him to keep the cab in sight. He asked the conductor where the Weehawken Silk Mills were.

"Over yonder," replied the man, waving his arm in the direction indicated. Fred soon saw that the cab was not going to the mills, and that removed the last doubt, if he had one, as to the destination of the vehicle in which Mr. Rhodes was riding.

"Do yo' know where Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium is?" he inquired of the conductor.

"It's somewhere out of town. If you take a car on the Blankville Trolley Line, three blocks above, I believe it will carry you within half a mile of it. Are you going out there at this hour?" added the conductor, in some surprise. "I suppose you know it's a kind of private mad-house, don't you?"

"I've got some business there," replied the boy, shortly. Before the car reached the tracks of the Blankville Trolley Line the cab turned off into a dark side street, and Fred lost sight of it. He had hopes, however, that if the sanitarium was

any distance outside the town limits that he would be able to overhaul it again by trolley. He had to wait several minutes for a Blankville trolley car, and this delay added to his impatience. At length the car came along and he boarded it. Then it skimmed along at a very satisfactory rate. In reply to Fred's query as to the location of Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium, the conductor said that it was about four miles out, and half a mile or so from the trolley tracks.

The car stopped occasionally to take on or let off a passenger, and then bowled on again along the gloomy highway. Fred stood out on the rear platform during the ride, thinking he might catch a distant glimpse of the cab at some point, but was disappointed.

"Here's where you get off," said the conductor, pulling the strap and pointing to a dark road. "The sanitarium fronts on this road so you can't miss it." The young Texan alighted and started off in the direction pointed out by the conductor.

"If I reach the place ahead of the carriage I reckon there'll be something doing when it gets there, and those people try to force Mr. Rhodes inside that institution," said the boy in a determined tone. "This is a big outrage, and I'll bet Broker Mangrove will wish he never got up such a scheme. He'll get the bounce from the Exchange when his rascality is exposed, and I guess he stands a good show of going to prison. That will ruin him and serve him right."

Presently Fred heard the sound of wheels behind him. He stopped and looked back.

A carriage of some kind was coming along the road at high speed.

"I'll bet a dollar that's the cab now," he said. "It will reach the place before I do, and then when I won't know how to act. What will I do? I'll have to chase after it. 'bat's all." The cab flew by and Fred rushed after it. Of course it easily distanced him, but fortunately it had but a short way to go, and the young messenger soon saw it halt before a big gate in a tall, hedge wall. The bearded man beside the driver sprang down, went to the gate and rang a bell-pull set in one of the stone posts. The delay that ensued enabled Fred to come up with the vehicle. As the night was dark and the road gloomy, his approach was not observed until he sprang for the door of the cab.

"Hello! What do you want?" demanded the bearded man, interposing between the boy and the vehicle.

"I want to see Mr. Rhodes, and I reckon you're not going to stop me."

"Mr. Rhodes!" gasped the man, staggered for the moment.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked another bearded man, whose voice sounded like Mangrove's, putting his head out of the cab window, which he lowered for the purpose.

"Here's a young chap asking for Rhodes. What do we know about Rhodes?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the man in the cab.

"I want Mr. Rhodes," replied Lee, doggedly, trying to peer into the vehicle.

"Are you crazy, young fellow?" replied the man, angrily. "Go away. We know nothing about any one by the name of Rhodes."

"No, I'm not crazy, and I won't go away until you let me look into that cab."

The cab door opened and the bearded man stepped out. At the same moment Fred caught sight of the outline of a man reclining on the front seat of the vehicle. He pushed the first man aside and tried to reach the door before the second man could close it, but was not successful, for both men grasped him. They soon found that they had not an easy proposition on their hands, for Lee was as strong as a young ox and meant business. In the struggle that ensued he got hold of the second man's beard and it came off in his hand, revealing the features of Duncan Mangrove.

"I know yo', Mr. Mangrove," he cried triumphantly; "and I'm on to yo'r game, too. Yo' want to keep Mr. Rhodes out of Wall Street so yo' can do him up on the market. But yo'r not going to do it, all right—not if I can help it."

Mangrove uttered a startled imprecation and struck Fred a heavy blow in the face, which knocked the boy to his knees. Then he jumped on him, and, being a powerful man, bore the boy to the grass.

"Help me to secure this marplot, Jack," he said to his companion, while he knelt on the struggling lad's chest. "Get the whip and give him a clip on the head with the butt end."

The other snatched the whip from its socket beside the driver, who was watching the struggle without making an effort to interfere. In another moment Fred received a blow that dazed him.

"That will do," said Mangrove. "We don't want to kill him."

He rolled the half-senseless boy on his face, pulled his arms behind his back, and pulling Fred's handkerchief from his hip-pocket, tied his wrists tightly together with it. At that moment the gate was opened.

"Look after this chap, Jack," said Mangrove, springing to his feet. "Drive in," he said to the driver, jumping into the cab.

The vehicle rolled through the gateway, the iron gate was shut after it, and Fred was left helpless on the grass outside, with Jack Santes standing guard over him.

CHAPTER IX.—Texas Is Left a Prisoner in the Old Mill.

About twenty minutes passed before the cab reappeared and the gate was locked behind it. During that interval Fred recovered the full exercise of his faculties. He found, however, that he was helpless, and there was nothing for him to do but await the issue of his adventure. The man who was guarding him stood by, silent and observant. When the cab came out it stopped in the middle of the road and Mangrove got out. He called his companion to him and they held a consultation with reference to the disposition of the boy.

"That's young Fred Lee, Rhodes's messenger," said the leader of the night's enterprise, "and, unfortunately, he's recognized me. It would never do for us to let him go now, for he'd blow the whole business to the police, and both of us would be arrested at once, for there is very little

doubt but that the detectives would discover that you were mixed up in this affair, even if the boy doesn't know who you are, which is a question, for he seems to have found out all about the job, though how he did it beats me."

"This is a fine pickle you've led me into, Mangrove," replied Santes, angrily. "Nothing short of absolute ruin faces us now. What are we going to do?"

"I don't see what we can do unless you get the doctor here to keep him a prisoner for an indefinite time at our expense."

"Dr. Boyd is too cautious to receive him or any one else into his sanitarium without apparently proper authorization documents, and we have none with us just now."

"Then how are we going to protect ourselves?"

"I frankly stated the difficulty we are in to the doctor and he suggested a temporary expedient."

"What is that?"

"There is an old mill in the woods back of the road, about a couple of miles from this spot. It dates from the revolutionary times, and has the reputation of being haunted. The ground on which it stands has for fifty years been involved in an interminable law-suit which has descended from father to son. The place is seldom visited by any one, and is dropping to pieces by slow degrees. These old buildings, however, seem to have been strongly put together, for it takes a long time for the weather and neglect to do them up. The doctor suggested that we carry the boy to this mill and secure him in one of the compartments of the cellar, which, he assured me, was in an excellent state of preservation, and would answer our purpose. He has agreed, for a consideration, to send one of his men, in whom he places absolute dependence, to the mill twice a day with food and water for the prisoner; but the understanding is that the boy must not remain there over a week, except at my risk. I intend to act on the doctor's suggestion, as it will give me time to figure on how I shall be able to remove the boy from this neighborhood for good."

"This young Texan is not an easy subject to master, for he's as strong and wiry as two ordinary boys. We may be able to keep him a week in the cellar of the mill, but how you will be able to dispose of him after that without killing him, which, of course, is not to be contemplated, so that he won't turn up to our undoing, is more than I can get through my head."

"Leave that to me. I'll manage it some way."

"I hope you will, but I don't see how you can be at all confident about it."

"Don't commence to squeal before you're hurt, Jack. I hope to clear our skirts entirely of this trouble. At any rate, I have more to lose than you have."

Mangrove led the way to where their prisoner lay upon the ground. Looking down at him he perceived that the boy had recovered his senses.

"Humph!" he said. "You're altogether too wide awake for the good of all concerned. It's time boys were in bed and asleep," with a sardonic smile.

From one pocket Mangrove took a handkerchief, from another a small bottle with a skull and cross-bones' label on it. He moistened the linen with some of the contents of the bottle, and,

despite the boy's struggles, held it over his nose until the prisoner lost his senses.

Between them they lifted Fred into the vehicle, Santes followed and shut the door, then Mangrove mounted beside the driver, and the rig started up the road. Dr. Boyd had directed Mangrove to leave the road at a certain point and drive up the lane, which led directly to the wood. They would then have but a short distance to carry their prisoner to the mill, not over a hundred yards. When the mill was built and in operation the wood now surrounding it was not in existence. The building itself stood on a knoll where the wind had full access to the canvas-covered arms that, when in motion, drove the grinding machinery. Only a vestige of one of the arms had survived the storms and decay of over a hundred and twenty-five years of existence.

A part of the wooden roof had fallen in, while the rest was full of holes. But the body of the mill, being constructed of stone, was still solidly intact, and unless pulled down was likely to remain as it was for many years to come. It was into this ancient edifice that Mangrove and Santes presently bore the unconscious boy. With the aid of a candle obtained from Dr. Boyd they explored the ground floor and discovered the rude steps that led to the cellar.

"You'd better go down first, Mangrove, and see if the steps are solid," said Jack Santes.

With the candle in his hand the big broker descended and found that they would sustain any ordinary weight.

"Look around and locate a place to put our prisoner," said Santes.

Mangrove picked his way around among the debris that littered up the place, and finally found a couple of bin-like enclosures at one end of the cellar. He examined both and saw little to choose between them though one had the advantage of a hasp and its corresponding staple, and for that reason the rascally broker selected it as the most suitable one for their purpose. There was a small pile of sacks in a corner, as if some tramp had used the bin for sleeping quarters. Mangrove returned to where he had left his companion with their prisoner.

"I've found a good place down there in which to put him, but we'll have to tie him better, for he'd stand a fair show of making his escape if his hands were loose."

"Well, I've got the piece of line the doctor gave you for that purpose. We'll fix him so he won't be able to slip out by his own efforts."

Mangrove, still holding the candle, grabbed up Lee's legs while Santes took hold of the boy under his arm-pits, and in this way they carried him into the cellar, and over to the bin. Without removing the handkerchief from the young Texan's wrists they wound the line three times around his chest and tied it securely. Then they tied his legs together, and laid him on the pile of sacks to recover his senses when the effects of the drug wore off.

A piece of wood was whittled into the proper shape and jammed into the staple, then the two Wall Street men left the cellar and the building, and regaining the cab bade the driver hurry back to Weehawken.

CHAPTER X.—Texas Has an Unsatisfactory Visitor.

When Fred regained consciousness it was broad daylight next morning, and that fact was attested by the bright sunlight piercing numerous holes and crevices in the rocky walls of the cellar. Although the young Texan was puzzled to account for his presence in that place, he instantly recollected all that had happened the previous night up to the moment Mangrove droged him.

"I wonder where I am, anyway?" he asked himself. "It is evidently the cellar of some building, and not a very tight cellar either, for there's a hole in the wall right above me, through which the sun is shining. I'll bet it's some deserted and ruinous building they brought me to. And I suppose they intend to keep me a prisoner until further notice. Well, they won't do that if I can manage in any way to give them the slip." Fred's first effort was aimed at his bonds. He wanted to free his arms, for he could not expect to do much unless he could secure liberty of action. But he soon found that his captors had taken ample precautions against his getting free, by making an artistic job out of the tying up.

"It looks as if I was tied to stay," he said to himself. "I should like to know what they propose doing with me, for no matter how long they may hold me a prisoner I'm bound to make matters exceedingly interesting for them when I do get free. Of course, Mangrove understands the situation he'll be in when I get back to Wall Street. For that reason I should imagine he'll use extraordinary precautions to keep me away from there. Well, we'll see whether he can do that or not."

Then he began to wonder whether the rascals intended to feed him during his confinement, or to starve him out as the easiest way of getting rid of him as a dangerous witness against themselves. The latter reflection was not a cheerful one you may well believe. Along about ten o'clock, however, the boy heard steps above his head, and his spirits began to revive. In a few minutes he was aware that some one had come down into the cellar. Presently there was a fumbling sound at the door of the bin. Then the door opened and he saw the indistinct form of a man, with a shaggy red beard and slouched hat. He carried a basket in his hand. Fred struggled into a sitting posture.

"Well, young fellow, I've brought you something to eat," said the newcomer, entering the bin. "I see that the gents that fetched you to this place have trussed you up in pretty good shape. They meant that you shouldn't get away, if they could help it. I've been told to look out after you till they're ready to move you somewhere else which I hope will be soon, for I don't care for this job." His words immediately put an idea in the boy's head.

"You say you've been hired to look after me?" he said.

"That's what I said. To see that you don't starve and don't get away of your own hook," replied the man, putting down the basket.

"Can't I make a deal with yo' to let me go?

I'll give yo' a hundred dollars to fix things so I can get away from this place."

"Young fellow, you're talkin' rag-time, I'm thinkin'. If I let you get away you wouldn't pay no hundred dollars to me nor anybody else."

"I assure yo' that I would," replied Fred, earnestly.

"You're assurance ain't worth nothin' to me. You'd have me arested more likely, and then I'd be up ag'in it. No, there's no green in my eye. Besides, I wouldn't do it, anyway, even if I knew I'd get the hundred and no questions asked."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't pay to go ag'in my orders. I might lose my job."

"I'll give yo' \$500 to let me go," said Fred, desperately.

"You talk like you was a Vanderbilt," chuckled the man.

"I see yo' don't think I'm able to make good. Let me tell yo' something. The reason I'm a prisoner is because I tried to save my employer, Mr. Rhodes, a Wall Street broker, from being put into Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium last night by two other Wall Street traders, who want to keep him out of the Street for a week so they can put through a stock deal, which they couldn't do if he was around the Exchange. These men caught me at the gate of the Sanitarium, did me up and then after drugging me brought me to this place, wherever it is."

"How do you know they brought you here if you was drugged?"

"They must have done so. They had a carriage at their disposal, and nobody else would have had any reason for getting me out of the way. Now I'm bound to get out of this scrape in time, so it will be to yo'r advantage to stand in with me instead of taking the money of those two rascals for acting jailor over me."

"I ain't takin' no money from the fellows you speak about. I don't know nothin' about them at all. Ain't even seen 'em."

"How can that be when yo'r acting in their interests? Didn't yo' just tell me yo' were told to look after me?"

"You want to know too much young fellow. Come, now, we'll cut this chin short. I'm goin' to release your arms so you can eat your breakfast, such as it is. Then I'll tie you up ag'in so that you'll be safe till I come back at dark with your supper."

"Yo' are certainly a fool for refusing my offer. Yo' would not only earn \$500, but save yo'rself from criminal proceedings when the police begin to investigate this conspiracy after Mr. Rhodes regains his freedom. At the worst, he won't be kept in the sanitarium over a week, and then there'll be something doing, I can tell you right now."

"If you had \$500 in your clothes right now I might listen to you, for I could take it and light out for some other part of the country."

"Yo' wouldn't have to light out, as yo' call it, for I could guarantee yo' against trouble."

"Your guarantee don't cut no ice with me. I'm too fly a rooster to be caught with chaff. You ain't got no \$500 about you so what's the use wastin' your breath talkin' to no purpose?" Fred

saw that it was useless to continue the argument, so he said nothing more. The man released his arms and told him to fall to and eat what he had brought.

"And don't waste no time about it, either, for I can't stay here all the mornin'. I've somethin' else to do." As the young Texan was hungry, he took the hint and got busy. When he had cleaned up the provender, which consisted of cold roast meat, bread and butter and cold coffee, all of good quality, the man rebound his arms behind his back, though in a different way from what the Wall Street men had done, not bothering to secure his wrists, as he considered such an extra precaution superfluous.

"I'll be back some time after dark," he said, taking up the basket. "If you can whistle that \$500 over here between now and that time maybe we'll be able to make a deal," he added, with a grin. Then he turned on his heel, went out at the door, secured it on the other side and presently Fred heard his footsteps on the planks above as he left the mill.

CHAPTER XI.—Texas's Shrewdness Opens the Way to His Escape.

"That chap missed a good thing, if he could only have got it through his head, by refusing that \$500 for liberating me. In fact, I'd be willing to make it a thousand to get out of this scrape. I reckon Mr. Rhodes would be more than willing to make it up, for my liberty would ensure his in mighty short order." It was a hard experience for an active lad like the young Texan to sit back against the wall of the dingy cellar and put in a long spell of enforced idleness. He chafed under the restraint like an animal that had just been removed from the freedom of the forest to the confines of a narrow cage. But there was no help for it, and he endured it as best he could. As the day passed slowly away he entertained some hope that a stranger might wander into the building, which he was fully satisfied and deserted.

"This place must be well out in the country to be so silent and deserted. I would give something to know just where the building is situated," he mused. "Not even the sound of wagon-wheels have I heard since morning, which shows that it is not close to a road. It feels just as if I was out in the midst of the plains, miles on miles from the nearest house. And yet I can't be so very far from New York." He made frequent efforts to loosen his bonds, but the man had tied him too securely. He couldn't work a hand or arm loose to save his life. Thus time passed. It was now pitch dark in the cellar, for the encircling wood shut out what little light remained in the sky, and Fred was thus led to believe that it was later than it actually was.

He was voraciously hungry by this time, and looked eagerly forward to the coming of the red-bearded man with his supper. The fellow didn't come until nearly eight o'clock, and Fred was beginning to think that the man had no intention of coming that night, for he thought it must be

well on to ten or eleven, when he heard footsteps on the floor above. In a few minutes the red-bearded man opened the door and entered, with the basket on his arm and a candle in his fingers.

He lost no time in conversation, but stood the candle on a box a bit of melted tallow, opened the basket and, spreading a sheet of paper on top of another box, laid out the food on it. Then he released Fred and motioned to the frugal repast, which was of a quantity sufficient to satisfy the boy's eager appetite.

While the messenger was eating he lit his pipe and puffed away at it without uttering a word. As soon as Fred had finished, the man rebound him as before, seized the basket and was about to remove the candle, too, when the young Texan asked him to let it remain and burn out. The red-bearded man grinned.

"Afraid of the dark, eh? Well, I don't blame you much, for they say this old mill is haunted by the ghost of the man who ran the place more than a hundred years ago. Maybe you'll see him before the week is out. If you do, let me know what he looks like. I'll let the light stay, but you'd better go to sleep as soon as you can, for it won't burn more than an hour." With those words the red-bearded man let himself out of the bin, secured the door and left the mill.

Fred almost laughed when he thought how unsuspectingly the man had furnished him the means of getting rid of his bonds. His plan was nothing more or less than bringing the flame of the candle to bear on the strands of the line that secured his arms. The only danger was that he might set his clothes on fire in the attempt; but he was willing to take every risk that the project involved. The cord that held his legs together bothered him not a little, for he could only move his feet an inch or two, alternately. Still he reasoned that he had the whole night before him and could afford to take his time. He had to be careful in turning around and bending down to the flame lest he upset himself, or the candle, or miss the proper connection. But the object to be attained was too important for him to hurry himself and thus endanger his chances of success. The easiest part of the line to make the attempt on was where it circled his arm near the elbow. This he brought close to the candle flame, and he soon smelt the charring of the strands. He had to draw away several times on account of the heat, which penetrated his jacket clear to the flesh. But he preserved and finally the rope was so weakened that when he brought his strength to bear on it it snapped. The severing of the cord was the key to the situation. He easily released his arms as the line spread. Then he put his hand in his pocket, pulled out his jack-knife and in two minutes was a free boy.

"Now to get out of this pen," he said to himself. "The question is, can I open that door?" With the assistance of the candle he saw that the door was held by a strong hasp. He could not see the piece of wood thrust through the staple, and concluded that the hasp was secured by a padlock, as is usual.

"I'll have to try and break through somehow," he breathed. "I simply must get out of this." He flung his weight against the door several

times, but though it swayed and creaked, it showed no signs of yielding. He then examined the partition, and, detecting what he believed to be a weak board, he thrust his boot against it with all the force he could impart to the blow. The board went to pieces at the bottom.

"Well, that's something, at any rate," he said, with satisfaction. "I'll get out, all right." He attacked the adjoining board, and a couple of well-directed kicks demolished that also. Seizing each of the fractured boards in turn he wrenched them loose from the cross-beam and the way to freedom lay before him. With the remnant of the candle end in his fingers, he passed through the opening into the body of the cellar, and looking around sharply as he proceeded soon made out the steps leading to the floor above.

"This is evidently the wreck of an old mill. That's what the fellow in the red beard told me it was. No wonder it's avoided if it has the reputation of being haunted. I reckon all the ghosts in creation wouldn't bother me, for I don't believe in them." He walked up the stairs and found himself in a narrow entry that divided a small room from a much larger one. A broken staircase in a corner of the entry pointed to a trap-door above, showing that it had once been the means of communication with the second story. What was up there did not greatly interest Fred at that moment.

A big doorway in the large room opened out on the night air, and the boy was not long in getting outside of the mill. As the building was entirely buried, one might say, in the wood, Fred hardly knew what direction was the best to follow. However, he accidentally hit upon the path that communicated with the lane that in turn led to the road, and he took it. When he finally emerged from the shadow of the wood he did not wonder that the mill was such a deserted place. No one not previously informed of its existence in the center of the wood would have dreamed that such a building stood so close at hand.

"Now to find out where I am," thought Fred, as he walked down the lane. He did not recognize the road as the same one he had been on, two miles further south, the night before, because all roads look more or less alike, and he was unconscious when carried over that section of it in the cab. There was no house nearer than half a mile, and Fred was on the point of starting for the one he saw in the distance in order to locate himself, when a buggy, with a single occupant in it, came in sight and approached him. He waited till it came up, and then hailed the driver.

"How far am I from the Blankville Trolley Line?" he asked the man.

"All of two miles and a half," was the reply. "Just follow this road in the direction I came from and you'll come to it."

"Will yo' tell me if this is the road that Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium is on?"

"It is, two miles away. You'll pass it on your way to the trolley."

"Thank yo' sir," replied Fred, satisfied that he had got his bearings. "That is all I want to know." So the man drove on, and the young Texan started in the direction of the trolley track.

CHAPTER XII.—Texas Helps Mr. Rhodes to Quit the Sanitarium.

In fifteen minutes he came to the tall, hedge fence and the big iron gate that distinguished Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium from the other pretentious houses in that neighborhood. Then he came to an abrupt pause.

"Shall I keep on, take the trolley to Weehawken, cross over to New York and send the police over here to rescue Mr. Rhodes, or, now that I am on the spot, shall I make an effort to get him out myself? It would save a whole lot of time if I could do something myself toward liberating him. But can I do anything? How am I going to get into the durnation place, anyhow? And if I get in, what will happen to me if I'm caught prowling around the grounds? How will I be able to get a line on the part of the house where the boss is kept a prisoner? Suppose I should run across the man with the red beard, for I feel satisfied he belongs to this establishment, won't he recognize me right off the real? Of course he will. I reckon there'll be something doing if he learns that I have escaped from the old haunted mill. Well, I owe a duty to Mr. Rhodes, and I shan't feel entirely satisfied unless I make some effort to get him out of here. If I find that it's beyond me to help him, why, then, I'll hustle back to New York and put the matter in the hands of the police." The hedge didn't look like an easy proposition to surmount, and the iron gate presented difficulties that Fred preferred not to tackle if it was possible to find another and easier point at which to attempt his entry into the grounds.

"I'll try the rear, and see how the land lies in that direction," he said to himself, turning away from the main gate. Following the hedge fence to the corner of the property, he jumped a low, adjoining fence and started for the back of the sanitarium grounds. The tall hedge continued the whole length of the side of the place, and he looked in vain for an opening or a low gate. If the hedge entirely surrounded the place, it looked as if he would be balked. When he came to the back of the property he found a brick wall there as high as the hedge itself, and quite as great an obstacle.

There was an iron gate in the middle of it, without a knob, and a bell-handle on one side.

"If I had wings, or a ladder, I could reach the top of this wall and then drop down on the other side; but as I haven't either, why, it looks as if I don't get in this way. I see no way of arriving in the grounds except by climbing the main gate, and that's a risky venture." Fred scratched his head and looked at the knob of the bell. Then his gaze wandered to a pile of brushwood close by. An idea came into his head. He struck a match and looked around till he found a couple of good-sized stones. The darkness of the night, for the sky was overcast and threatened rain, rather favored the ruse he proposed to try on the chance of something favorable to him resulting from it.

Walking back to the gate, he gave the bell-knob a strong pull. A loud clang echoed on the still air. He crouched down against the wall and

awaited results. Presently some one came to the gate, pulled back a couple of heavy bolts, turned a key and opened the door. A head was thrust out and a coarse voice said:

"Who's there?" Fred threw both stones in quick success at the brush heap. The rustling made by the stones attracted the man's attention. He held up a lantern he carried in his hand and looked at the brush.

"Who's there?" he asked again.

Receiving no answer he advanced a step or two and flashed the light at the pile of brush. Whether his curiosity was aroused by the strange noise he had heard in the brush, or because he thought he saw something moving there he left the gate and advanced toward it. Fred took instant advantage of the chance thus afforded him and darted, on his tiptoes, for the gate, which he slipped through, like a shadow, in the gloom. He took refuge behind a rain-water barrel near the open door of a small outhouse close at hand. In a few moments he heard the man rebolting the gate. He came toward the outhouse, swinging the lantern at his side. Another man came to the door of the building, as he approached.

"Who was there, Mike?" he asked.

"Not a sowl," replied Mike. "I don't understand it at all, at all."

"It must have been some young scamp of the neighborhood who pulled the bell as he was passin', just to give us the trouble of answerin' the ring."

"Shure, there was a noise, so there was, behind that hape o' brush, but whin I wint over to it not a thing was there, either two-footed or four-footed. I hope it wasn't the ghost of Mr. Fox, who died last wake, comin' back to visit us."

At that moment a woman approached the two men, from the direction of the house.

"You're wanted at the house, Jenkins," she said. "The gentleman who was brought here last night, who they say is suffering with delusions, has got out of his room, somehow, and was just slipping out by the front door when he was seen by Hawkins. He ran back and has barricaded himself in the dining-room. You're wanted to help catch him."

"The dickens you say, Matilda. Come along, Mike. Drop your lantern and follow me."

The gentleman referred to was evidently Mr. Rhodes, and Fred, who had heard all that passed, had no doubt of the fact. Here was a chance to help his employer, and he resolved to butt right in for all he was worth. It occurred to him that it would be the part of wisdom to secure a safe avenue of retreat from the grounds beforehand, and with that object in view he ran to the back gate, drew back the bolts, turned the key and left the door ajar. Then he started for the house with some caution, as he did not want to run foul of any of the attendants of the place. As he drew near the building, a window was suddenly flung up on the ground floor, a dark figure sprang from it and ran toward him. Three other figures followed, one after the other, and gave chase. That was enough to fix in Fred's mind the identity of the pursued man.

"Mr. Rhodes," he cried, running toward him, "come this way."

The fugitive seemed startled and was about

to dart off in another direction when the boy arrested him with the words:

"I'm Fred Lee. Don't you recognize my voice?"

"My gracious! You here, Fred?" he replied, in an astonished tone, rushing up to the lad.

"Yes, sir. Follow me—quick! The men are at your heels. Run as hard as you can. I'll get you out of this place."

Nothing more was said, and the young Texan led the way toward the back gate. The pursuers however were coming up fast, and the boy feared that they would be overtaken before they could reach the gate. He was prepared to cover his employer's escape with a stiff fight with his fists, and as he was no slouch at such exercise, he believed he would be able to hold the men long enough to enable Mr. Rhodes to pass outside the grounds. The attaches gave a shout of surprise when they perceived that they were chasing two persons instead of one, and thinking that another patient had also eluded their watchfulness, they redoubled their efforts to overtake the fugitive. That their quarry were making for the gate did not worry them, for they supposed, as a matter of course, that it was still locked and bolted. Before those they expected to catch could possibly draw the bolts and unlock the door they knew they would have them cornered. Fred's forethought in opening the gate beforehand was now going to prove of the utmost importance. Dashing up to it he flung it wide open with one sweep of his arm, and Mr. Rhodes passed through into the outer darkness.

"Turn to the right, sir, and watch for me," cried Fred, as he wheeled around and met the arms extended to grasp them, with sledge-hammer blows from his fists.

The smooth-faced man caught a sockdolager on the jaw and went to the earth. Mike received a jab in the left eye that made him see a host of stars and unknown planets. Hawkins, the third man, grabbed the boy, but a short uppercut in the throat and a punch with Fred's left in the stomach caused him to release his hold. Mike, coming to the rescue, was met with a swinging thump behind the ear that jarred his head badly and he hauled off. Taking advantage of the confusion in the ranks of the enemy, Fred fled into the night, turning to the right, in the direction he had told his employer to go.

CHAPTER XIII.—Texas and His Employer Finally Escape from the Enemy.

Fred found Mr. Rhodes waiting for him at the corner of the sanitarium wall, and taking his arm, without a word, the boy hurried him along toward the road. Scaling the fence, they started for the trolley road at a lively gait.

"Fred, I am full of wonder at your presence out here. How came you to learn of my abduction last night, and of the place where I was taken to? When I came to my senses this morning and found myself a prisoner in a strange room, I could not understand the situation even a little bit. It is the strangest and most rascally experience I have ever been up against. On demanding an explanation, I was treated with knowing winks and significant smiles, and told not to excite myself. When I demanded to see

the person who was responsible for the outrage, I was advised not to worry myself about the matter. I was informed that I would be well taken care of until I was cured. 'Cured of what?' I asked, in astonishment. Whereupon I was treated to more winks and smiles, while one rascal touched his forehead in a pointed way, as much as to say that I was not right in my head. I insisted on knowing where I was, and was then told I was in Dr. Boyd's Sanitarium, where two good friends of mine had brought me to be treated. 'Treated for what?' I asked, overcome by amazement, 'You are afflicted with a harmless delusion!' replied the person I had addressed. 'A harmless delusion,' I gasped. 'Surely,' he answered. 'You imagine that your name is Rhodes, and that you are a Wall Street broker.' 'Indeed,' I answered, sarcastically. 'Pray, what is my name, then, if it is not Rhodes?' At this the man laughed, as if I had said something very funny. 'What farce is this, anyway?' I cried, growing hot under the collar at the absurdity of it all. 'I demand to be instantly released from this place, and I assure you that I shall make matters exceedingly warm for the people who have played such a practical joke on me.' The man roared with laughter at this, and immediately left the room. When I tried to follow him I found that I was locked in. Then I discovered that the only window was guarded by iron bars, and I began to see the thing in a more serious light. My breakfast was served by two attendants, who refused to hold any communication with me. After that I was left alone until my dinner was brought to me. As the day passed, my indignation and anger grew to the boiling point, and when supper came to me I made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the room. I was prevented with as little force as possible, but was threatened with a strait-jacket unless I cooled down. I was told to go to bed, and politely presented with a glass of wine, which I refused to touch, as I was suspicious of it. After I was left alone I sat down to consider how I should extricate myself from my predicament. I decided that strategy was my only resource.

"Fearing that the wine was drugged, and that the men might return and compel me to drink it, I poured it out of the window and lay down on the bed to concoct some plan. A short time ago one of the men came into the room, and seeing me apparently asleep, and, observing that the glass was empty, he uttered a grunt of satisfaction. Something attracted him to the window. I immediately took advantage of the situation to dash out of the room, close the door and make the rascal a prisoner inside." Then I started to try and leave the house. I should have succeeded but for the appearance of another attache, who cut off my escape and I was forced to take refuge in a room on the lower floor. The man summoned help to capture me, whereupon I opened a window and sprang out. Then I met you, much to my astonishment, and I now want to know how you came to be on hand at the very moment when your presence was of such importance to me."

"Well, sir," replied Fred, as they came in sight of the trolley tracks, "I can make the whole matter clear to you, for I fortunately overheard the conspiracy to ensure your absence from New

York while a stock deal was put through to your disadvantage."

"You astonish me, Fred. Pray explain."

"That's what I'm going to do, sir," answered the boy.

The sound of wheels on the road behind them, however, caused Fred to defer what he was going to say and pull his employer into a bunch of bushes by the roadside, for he was afraid the sound indicated pursuit on the part of the enemy. This proved to be the truth. A light wagon, with three men in it, drove up to the tracks and stopped just as a car bound for Weehawken came in sight. The men looked sharply around, and failed to find any sign of the fugitives. The car passed at full speed, and they watched until it was out of sight. Then they held a consultation. The result of this was that two of the men alighted and concealed themselves near by, while the third drove the wagon across the tracks and a little distance down the road, when he halted and waited for an agreed-upon signal.

"We'll have to stay here until they get tired and go away, sir," whispered the young Texan, in his employer's car.

Mr. Rhodes pressed his arm to show that he understood and agreed with the boy's suggestion. It was half an hour before another car passed in the direction of the Hudson. No one hailed it, and it disappeared into the gloom ahead. The two men came from their concealment, and one of them whistled. The wagon returned from the other side of the track. Another consultation was held, then the two sanitarium attaches got into it and it returned in the direction it had come. The pursuers seemed satisfied that they had lost the trail of the fugitives, and what they proposed doing now neither Fred nor Mr. Rhodes could surmise, nor did they care. They expected to board the next car going their way, and while waiting for it to show up the boy told the broker all the particulars of the scheme got up and put in operation by Duncan Mangrove to keep Mr. Rhodes away from Wall Street for a week at least, together with an outline of his own unsuccessful attempt to head that design off, and the trouble he had got into in consequence.

"Upon my word, Fred, this is the most high-handed outrage I ever heard of in connection with Wall Street rivalry. Mr. Mangrove, as well as his associates in the plot, shall be made to suffer in a way that will teach them a salutary lesson. As for you, my boy, I can't thank you enough for your efforts in my behalf, and I assure you I shall not forget what I owe you."

"That's all right, sir. I reckon I didn't do more than my duty."

"You have done enough to win my gratitude, and you'll lose nothing by it."

A car now came along and they boarded it, reaching Weehawken in due course, when they crossed to New York and went to their homes. Fred, following instructions, did not appear at the office in the morning, to the continued surprise of the cashier and clerks, who could not understand the cause of his absence. It had first been supposed he was ill, but a messenger sent to his boarding-house disclosed the fact that he had been out all the previous night. In the meantime the office was thrown into a state of con-

sternation by a message over the wire from Mrs. Rhodes, asking about her husband, who had also been away, without reason, all night. As it was known that the broker was to be present at the directors' meeting of the Weehawken Silk Mills, the office of that company was communicated with when the discovery was made that Mr. Rhodes had not been present at the meeting. The cashier hardly knew whether to put the matter in the hands of the police or not, and kept in communication with Mrs. Rhodes at intervals all day.

At the close of the day's business, nothing having been heard from the absent broker, he called up Police Headquarters, and a general alarm was sent out on behalf of both the broker and his messenger. Mollie Fuller was more concerned over the unaccountable absence of Fred than she would have cared to publicly admit. She had come to think a great deal of the bright, handsome boy from the West, and it would have been a matter of real grief to her if anything had happened to him. In the meantime Duncan Mangrove and his crowd had been uncommonly busy in the Exchange that day. They attacked H. & F. Traction fiercely, spreading rumors adversely affecting the line, and succeeded in beating the price from 89 down to 82. They sold the stock short, right and left, in expectation of being able to force a further decline next day. Sam Kimball was astonished to learn of the disappearance of his chum, and kept running in to Rhodes's office at every chance he got to find out whether Fred had turned up.

He also kept his eye on the ticker, and noted with satisfaction that D. & L. advanced to 65 during the day, closing strong at that figure. Soon after Mr. Rhodes's cashier appeared at the office on the following morning, he was summoned to the telephone, and was greatly relieved to find that his employer was at the other end of the wire. Mr. Rhodes said that he would not be downtown for some hours, probably, and without entering into any explanation as to the cause of his absence the day before he instructed the cashier not to inform any one asking for him that he had turned up. He was also told to feign ignorance of the whereabouts of Lee, Duncan Mangrove and his clique were hard at work forcing H. & F. Traction down below 80, offering for sale bunches of the shares that they did not possess, when a note was placed in the astute rascal's hand informing him of the escape of Mr. Rhodes from the sanitarium, and Fred Lee from the old mill. This threw him into a panic, and he called his friends around him to tell them the startling news, and to consult as to what should be done.

It was finally resolved to keep up the fight against the traction stock until Mr. Rhodes's option limit had expired. The leadership of the clique was turned over to Jack Santes, as he was supposed to have not been recognized in the villainous affair. Then Mangrove packed his suitcase and started for the Debrosses Street ferry, where he was arrested and lodged in the Tombs. As soon as this happened Mr. Rhodes appeared in the Exchange and began to support H. & F. Traction. Shortly after that Fred Lee walked into his office and took his seat. He learned that D. & L. was up to 87.

Sam came in later and learned what had happened to his chum. He was surprised and suggested they sell out their D. & L. holdings. Fred concurred and during the day the shares were sold, Fred clearing over \$25,000 and Sam \$3,700. Mr. Rhoades also closed out his option in H. & F., making a profit of \$70,000.

The rascally clique were utterly ruined, and after Mangrove's trial and conviction he was sent to State's prison for five years.

Shortly after this Fred discovered that a pool was forming to boom M. & C. stock, and he acquired 6,000 shares. Sam also bought 1,000 shares. The stock was forced up to 90, at which Fred and Sam sold out, the former netting \$275,000, and the latter \$45,000.

CHAPTER XIV.—Texas Wins the Girl of His Heart—Conclusion.

On the first of the year, Mr. Rhodes promoted Fred from the post of messenger to a desk in his counting-room, and raised his wages to \$15. The young Texan then amazed him by relating how he had cleared \$274,000 out of the phenomenal rise in M. & C. shares.

"How did you do it, Fred?" he wanted to know.

The boy then told him how he had started in speculating before he had been a month in the office with the \$400 reserve fund he had brought from the ranch.

"So you're actually worth \$274,000, are you?"

"I'm worth \$305,000, sir."

"Well, you're a wonder, and no mistake. You'd better let me invest that money for you, and I'll place it where it will do the most good for you, and at the same time be out of your reach in case you're tempted to monkey with the market in the future. You've been uncommonly fortunate, my lad, but you never can tell when the scales might turn the other way, and if you had all your funds up on some daring venture that promised you a million you might find yourself wiped out in a day. This has happened to some very shrewd men in the Street, and will happen to others as long as Wall Street does business at the old shop."

"Well, sir, I mentioned the matter to yo' because I wanted yo' to tell me what to do with such a bunch of money as I've got now. To keep it idle bothers me, as it ought to be making something, if only interest, for I don't know when I may get hold of another tip. So if yo' will take charge of it fo' me it will relieve my mind."

"I'll do that with pleasure, Fred. I'll see that it earns you \$15,000 a year, at any rate, and that ought to satisfy you."

"I suppose yo' didn't know I'd lost all my money, did yo', Miss Mollie?" said Fred, one day, to the stenographer.

"My goodness, Fred, you don't mean it!" exclaimed the girl, glancing up sympathetically into the boy's face.

"Yo' see, Miss Mollie, I was trying to make a whole lot of money for a certain purpose. I wanted to ask a certain girl I think a whole lot of if she'd marry me some day, and as nothing is too good for her I knew it would take money to provide her with a good home such as I want

her to have. So I jes' kept on speculating, yo' see, until——"

"You lost, is that it? I'm so sorry, Fred. But who is the girl?" she asked, with a sinking feeling at her heart, for she had been hoping that Lee would ask her some day the momentous question.

"Who is she? I don't know whether it's worth while telling yo'. Probably she won't care fo' me now when she believes that I'm flat broke."

"If she doesn't I'd have very little respect for her," flashed up Mollie, indignantly. "If I cared for any one it wouldn't make the slightest difference in my feelings if he was so unfortunate as to lose his money."

"Even if he was down and out in pocket?"

"Yes, even if he didn't have a cent."

"Supposing I said, then, that yo' are the girl I want to marry? That I care fo' yo' more than all else in the world. Would yo' take me as I am?"

"Oh, Fred!" she replied, blushing and looking down at her machine.

"I mean it, Miss Mollie. I've been trying to make money fo' yo'r sake. Because I wanted to make yo' my wife some day. Do I stand any show now?"

"Why not now as well as at any other time?" she asked, softly.

"Because I thought——"

"You thought that I wouldn't care for you unless you were rich, is that it?"

"Do yo' like me enough to promise to marry me? Do yo' Mollie?"

"Yes."

He bent down, put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Then yo' shall be my wife. Are yo' happy?"

"Yes, Fred."

"And so am I. So very happy I could jes' jump out of my boots. I want yo' to forgive me fo' trying yo', too."

"Why, what do you mean, Fred?" she asked in surprise.

"Because I ain't busted at all. I only wanted to see how yo' would take it. I'm worth \$305,000 at this moment."

"What!" gasped the astonished girl. "How much?"

He repeated the amount, and then told her for the first time of the big haul he had made out of M. & C.

"I made it all fo' yo', Mollie, and it ain't half good enough fo' yo', either."

After that they were very happy together, till the other clerks came in, one by one, and then he put on his hat and went out to his lunch. As he turned into Broadway on this occasion he noticed, right behind a well-dressed lady, a smooth-faced man, whose countenance struck him as familiar.

"I believe that's the man who visited me when I was a prisoner in the old mill across the river, only this fellow hasn't any red beard. I wish I was sure it was he, I'd give him a good scare."

At that moment the fellow rudely jostled one of the lady's arms, and she dropped her pocket-book. Like a flash he swooped down, snatched it up and dashed across the way toward Thames Street. The lady gave a stifled shriek and gazed helplessly after the thief.

In a moment Fred cut across the street after the rascal. The thief was running fairly fast, and did not suspect at first that he was pursued, until, casting a wary glance over his shoulder, he saw Lee making for him at top speed. Then, taking alarm, he cut ahead at his best pace. The young Texan, however, was running him down fast when the fellow reached the corner and disappeared around it. But that was the end of his running for he collided with a stout man, who happened to be in his way, and was not active enough to avoid the runner. The fat man went down, while the thief turned a half-somersault over him and rolled into the gutter. Before he could get up, Fred was astride of him, holding him down.

"I reckon I've got yo', Mister Man," said the boy, triumphantly.

"Let me up, will you?" snarled the fellow, struggling violently.

"Sure I will, when that policeman comes up," replied Fred. "Seems to me I've seen you before. Yo' face is familiar, and so is yo' voice. I s'pose yo' never saw me befo', have yo'?"

"No, cuss you, and I don't want to see you ag'in."

"I reckon yo' worked for Dr. Boyd at his sanitarium. Come, own up."

"S'pose I did, what's that to you?"

"Yo' will find that it's something to me. Yo' are the chap who kept me tied up in that old mill for a whole day, and would have kept me longer if I hadn't given yo' the slip."

"You're a liar!"

At that moment the policeman came up.

"Hello! what does this mean?" he asked.

"This fellow is a thief. He stole a pocketbook from the lady on Broadway, and I want yo' to arrest him."

The man, of course, denied the charge, but unfortunately for him the wallet was sticking out of his pocket. The boy snatched it and handed it to the officer, who, inspecting it, saw that it belonged to a woman. That settled his fate, and he was walked off to the nearest station, accompanied by both the lady and Lee. Eventually he was sent up the river for a couple of years. Fred progressed rapidly in Mr. Rhodes's counting-room, and was advanced soon to an important position. He was now twenty-two, and began to think it was time to get married.

He spoke to Mr. Rhodes on the subject, who was acquainted with the attachment that existed between the boy and his stenographer. The broker agreed with him, and offered him an interest in his business for a portion of his capital, which had grown to about \$350,000. Mr. Rhodes would have taken him in for nothing for that matter, as he thought the world of Lee. Of course, the boy accepted his offer and a date was set for signing the papers. A fortnight before that time Fred and Mollie were married and went on a brief wedding tour. On their return, Mollie became mistress of a handsome little home in the Bronx, while Fred became the Co. in the new firm.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY MAGNATE; or, MAKING BASEBALL PAY."

CURRENT NEWS

DUST HIDES THE SUN

From the Gobi Desert of Mongolia and the Takla Makin Desert of Western China, sand dust is sometimes blown in such quantities that sixty to a hundred miles to the southeast it makes the air so hazy that the sun is hidden even at mid-day.

UNDERGROUND RIVER DISCOVERED IN SAVOY

An underground river passing under Mont Blanc has recently been discovered and may prove to be one of the sources of the Seine. The river which is known as Fauxbelles, is said to contain many fine grottos and cascades. It is thought that this underground stream is the source of many rivers flowing through Switzerland, Germany and Austria.

EARS TELL FISHES' AGE

Heretofore it has been impossible to tell the age of a fish with any degree of accuracy. But now Professor W. J. K. Harkness of the University of Toronto declares that by looking into the fish's ear one can tell its age. This scientific conclusion will prove of value to fish canneries and fishing preserve experts.

In the internal ear of the fish there is a little bony pocket. In this pocket there is a tiny stone, called an "otolith" which rolls about as the fish tips this way and that, and helps him to know if it is right side up. As the fish grows older the otolith grows larger. Professor Harkness has made a study of the rate of the otolith's growth and can now tell from the size of this "ear-stone" just how old the fish really is.

THE OLD SHOT TOWER

That architectural relic, the historic shot tower, at Baltimore is saved. The contract was signed at the City Hall for purchase of the tower and the ground on which it stands for \$1,000,000 by the Subscription Committee, which agrees in the contract to turn it over to the city immediately.

The purchase includes the structure, the ground it stands on, and a strip 5 feet wide around the base of the tower.

The city will take possession of the property immediately, but no plans have been made yet for the care of the tower. It is supposed that necessary minor repairs will be made, the exterior and interior conditioned, a caretaker installed, and the structure opened for public inspection every day.

It has been suggested that the interior be fitted up as a museum. The tower has an elevator shaft and stairway, but the elevator is not in operation.

BIRD RIVALRY

The American eagle, despite its famed significance, is no longer to be correctly considered the king of birds and the monarch of the sky. Australia-

lian ornithologists, in describing the habits of Oceania's birds recently, declared that the golden eagle of the Antipoles is the largest and most powerful of the eagle species. This bird, which works such havoc in the lambing season and in times of drought when stock are in such feeble condition as to be defenseless, is, according to the observers, a far more majestic bird than the familiar American eagle of the outspread wings.

While the golden eagle is, despite its size, tremendously active on the wing and of marvelous lifting power, those who made the recent study of Australia's winged creatures declared that it does less than one-quarter the damage wrought by crows. These birds, though in the main carrion feeders, have a partiality for attacking young calves and lambs and picking their eyes out.

This same vicious nature is manifested in the large crows of America's western plains when whole armies of them swoop down on a single victim. Like the Australian swagman, the western plainsman, too, knows that faltering by the wayside means a horrible fate meted out to him by the black, cawing multitudes. The Australian naturalists in emphasizing the crows' disrepute there said that only one man on official record ever made a pet of a crow. He was a shepherd and hopelessly demented.

FARMER IS FLEECE OF \$5,000 ON "RACE"

Stories of large fortunes in playing the races caused John Coon, 60 years old, a retired farmer living near Breda, Iowa, to mortgage his farm for \$5,000 and give the money to a Kansas City, Mo., man, who assured him that he would win \$35,000 if he played the smaller amount on a horse that was to run on the New Orleans track, according to the story told the police of Kansas City by Coon.

Coon said he went to Los Angeles and while at a hotel there overheard two men talking of the fortunes they had won playing the races. He said he was introduced to one of the men, who said his name was J. A. Butler and that he was from Kansas City and that he got straight tips on horses that would win every day.

Butler, Coon said, suggested that he go to Kansas City, and that Butler would show him men who could help him make a fortune on each race. After their arrival in Kansas City, Coon was taken to several places where he saw large amounts of money being paid to men who Butler told him were winners on races. He then suggested that Coon give him \$5,000 to play a horse that would win \$35,000 for him.

Coon went to Breda, Iowa, and mortgaged his farm for that amount, and gave it to Butler. Several hours later, he said, Butler returned to the hotel at which he was stopping and told him that he had won the race but that for him to return to his home and wait a few days while he went to New York and collected the money.

Coon returned to Breda, Iowa, where he watched each mail for three weeks without receiving word from Butler. The police now are seeking Butler.

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER IV.

A Hard Struggle For Life.

Now the real danger came.

Gus had no more than recovered his breath before he became conscious of the fact that he was a frozen proposition.

His wet clothes were freezing fast to his body. To remain there on the tree meant death.

Gus knew all about that.

Once before he had been through a similar experience. Nothing but continued hustling could save him.

He climbed up on the tree trunk and by dint of holding onto the branches managed to make his way toward the wall of the deep gulch through which the creek ran.

Here there were other difficulties.

A strong northwest wind was sweeping down the canyon, an icy blast cold enough to freeze the very marrow in his bones, but that was not the worst of it, for this was the drift side, and the snow was banked up, covering rocks and bushes to such an extent that it was quite impossible to determine what the lay of the land really was.

Gus realized all that, too; he knew that to get up through that snow was a thing well-nigh impossible; but on the other hand it was that or nothing, for on the other side of the creek was the mountain itself, and a sheer wall of rock rose above his head to a height of many hundred feet.

"If I don't keep cool I'm a goner," thought Gus. "I guess I am, anyhow. I don't believe it is possible for me to escape, for even if I do get up I must be near a mile away from the town, and before I can get back there again I shall freeze to death. What on earth shall I do?"

And as these thoughts flashed through the boy's brain an indescribable sense of horror came with them.

It seemed sure death, anyway. Gus could see no chance of escape.

Still he struggled on, and reached the edge of the snowbank.

To attempt to ascend at this point would have been the merest folly, and Gus did not try it, for he saw that in one moment he would go head under in the snow.

What he did do showed his good sense and knowledge of the situation, for it was the only thing he possibly could have done.

He stepped boldly back into the creek.

His feet could not freeze while he was in the water.

He sank up to his knees. The bottom was rough—horribly rough. He slipped and stumbled on the stones, but in spite of that he managed to push on for a considerable distance, until at last

he came to a place where there was a deep gully in the side of the bank.

The snow had drifted on the lower side of this gully, but not on the other.

This was just the chance Gus had been looking for, and he now left the water and tackled the bank.

Even here the snow was knee deep, but with many a slip and stumble Gus did manage to make his way to the top of the bank, where he sank down thoroughly exhausted.

But it was only for a moment.

The boy knew his danger and fully realized what the drowsiness which came creeping over him meant.

Springing to his feet, Gus started in the direction of Black Rock, but with almost no hope of ever reaching the place, it must be owned.

And he never could have done it—never!

Already his outer clothes were frozen stiff, and even his underclothing was hardening up.

Gus started to run, although the drifting snow made this almost impossible.

Again he sank exhausted into the drift.

"I'm a goner!" he thought, over and over again. "Nothing can save me."

With a mighty effort he pulled himself together and sprang up.

Then it was that he saw a light.

It was just a faint glimmer up on the side of the mountain on his left, at no great distance ahead.

But it was a light, and Gus knew that it must come from some hut.

The thought gave the freezing boy hope, and spurred him on to new effort.

It required a fearful struggle, but it was a struggle for life, and Gus got there.

In about twenty minutes' time he found himself standing at the door of a small log hut which stood on a projecting shelf a hundred feet or more up the mountainside.

Gus knocked at the door, but received no answer; opening the door, he pushed boldly in.

It was just a common miner's shanty, such as is found all over the far West.

The dying remains of a fire on the open hearth proved to be the source of the light which had saved the boy's life.

"Hello! Hello! Is there any one here?" shouted Gus.

There was no answer, and Gus was just as well satisfied, for, feeling that he had the place to himself, he knew just what to do.

Carefully closing the door, he heaped wood, of which there was a considerable supply, on the fire and soon had a cheerful blaze.

Then, without the loss of an instant, he stripped to the buff, and throwing aside his stiffened garments, took his place close to the fire and rubbed himself with his hands with all his might.

He soon got the circulation started, and was just beginning to feel warm when the door opened and in walked the man Silas Stump.

"Gee whiz! Who the deuce are you?" he cried, unslinging a long rifle, while the snow came whistling in through the open door.

"Shut the door!" roared Gus. "Shoot me if you must, but for heaven's sake shut the door."

"Waal, I'll be golbusted!" drawled Silas, as he obeyed. "Hang me on a hemlock, if it hain't that

thar kid that turned up at Bill Biggins's to-night."

"Well, it's a live kid, and it don't want to be a dead one," replied Gus. "Look here, mister, I'll give you five dollars if you will help me out and let me stay here to-night."

"Why, of course," said Silas. "To turn you out now in all this storm wouldn't be human. You were toted off by the Gophers. Whar ye been? What's happened? Whar's Tim Tolkins? Did they kill him? What's it all mean?"

Gus hurriedly explained.

"Gee whiz! Yer don't mean to tell me yer got up outer the crik?" cried Silas. "Say, I don't believe I could do it a night like this, and thar hain't no man in these hyar parts what's more used to hard knocks nor what knows the mountains no better nor I do. I'm one of the old settlers, I am. I belong way back; but if this hyar hain't the gol-bustedest surprise I ever had my name hain't Sile Stump! But say, you can't stand thar naked. What yer goin' to do?"

"I was just going to get into one of these bunks and cover myself up with blankets when you turned up," replied Gus. "Any reason why I shouldn't do it now?"

"Dunno as thar is," said Silas. "On the hull, I dunno but what it's ther most sensiblest thing you could do under the circumstances, so get in and I'll bank you down with blankets till yer can't breathe. But what about Tolkins? He's been a good friend to me, even if he is a blamed old liar, for it's my belief he never hit Frisco short of '50 or '51, and he claims to have crossed the plains in '48. Say, boy, he said that he was your uncle—I heard him. Is that a lie, too?"

"I guess it is," replied Gus, crawling into the bunk. "But all the same he begged me to save him, and I would like to do it. I know the Gophers don't mean to kill him. What they want is to have him write some kind of a blackmailing letter to a man named Henry Marston. Perhaps you know who he is?"

"Who said that?" demanded Silas, throwing the blankets over Gus.

"The leader. Colonel Tolkins called him George Brandt."

"Gee whiz!" cried Silas. "Is that feller George Brandt? Is he really, now? I want to know."

Then he tucked Gus up warm and snug.

The long strain was over, but Gus was thinking of his money in the pocket of his frozen trousers, and wondering if Silas Stump was going to turn out to be an honest man or a thief.

"If I can rescue Colonel Tolkins that spells success," he said to himself. "Help I must have, or there is no hope. I wonder what about taking this fellow into partnership, and making him act as guide?"

CHAPTER V.

The Start Up Into The Bitter Root Range.

Out of trouble good luck often comes.

It so came to Gus, or at least he thought so at first, although he afterward greatly doubted if it was good luck, as we shall see later on.

The storm increased, but toward morning it turned to rain, and for two days following, the

temperature remaining high, torrents of water fell.

All this time Gus was kept a prisoner in the hut, for he was not disposed to battle with the storm.

Silas Stump could not have treated him better than he did, and by the time the storm had finally cleared away, leaving the ground bare of snow except away up on the sides of the mountain, the two had become fast friends.

Gus told Silas Stump everything, but he did not make the revelation until the third day.

In the meantime the old prospector and guide, for such was Silas's business, had informed him that the Gopher gang was one of the most mysterious organizations which ever plagued that part of Idaho.

It was not believed that they lived permanently in any mountain hold-out, but that they had a place where they met just previous to their raids.

Sometimes months would elapse, and nothing would be heard of the Gophers, then all at once a train would be held up, or a mine or a town raided by these masked outlaws, after which for a long time nothing would be seen or heard of them again.

Between times it was believed that the Gophers posed as peaceful, law-abiding citizens, and that some lived in one place and some in another.

Silas Stump was willing to admit that Colonel Tolkins probably knew all about them, seeing that he had called the leader by the name of George Brandt.

As for himself, Silas declared that he had never heard of George Brandt until Mr. Marston's detectives came to Black Rock, nor did he know anything about Orlando Blake.

He told Gus, further, that the governor of Idaho had offered a reward of \$5,000 for the capture of the leaders of the Gopher gang, and the exposure of their secrets, and Gus in turn assured Silas that Mr. Marston would certainly pay as much more for the rescue of his son.

And so Gus and the guide went into partnership and on the third day Stump went to Black Rock, bought two bronchos, and laid in a stock of provisions, giving it out that he and a friend were going into the mountains on a prospecting tour.

Next day came the start, and Gus's startling adventures in the Bitter Root range of the Rockies may be said to have fairly begun.

During the storm no one came near the hut, and Gus had the satisfaction of passing over the bridge where his accident had occurred, and entering the cross-canyon, which ran far back into the heart of the range, without having seen a soul but the guide.

"I feel safe now," he remarked to Silas, as they rode along between towering walls of intensely black rock. "Matters have turned out a lot better than I hoped for. I think we stand a fair chance of success, don't you?"

"Dunno," replied Silas. "We are three days late on the trail."

"I thought you said that when we got a little further up the mountain we would probably strike the snow again and find the trail."

"So I did. But suppose we don't?"

"Come, Sile, I believe in looking on the bright side. Let's hope that we will."

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

CROSSING MOUNTAINS

Radio is being used successfully in India to send messages over a mountain 15,000 feet in height. Previously considerable difficulty was found in wire communication due to heavy snowdrifts and storms which severed the lines. This achievement has been effected between the cities of Srinagar and Jammu, in Kashmir.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH TUBES

A "bottleg" tube is a tube which is made in imitation of a legitimately made tube and is masquerading under a name to which it has no right. A "refilled" tube is one which has been repaired. An "independent tube" is one made by a concern which has no affiliation with the concerns operating under the De-Forest patents but which is sold under its own name.

THE SUPERHETRODYNE

For efficient results the entire oscillator circuit of a superheterodyne should be separated from the rest of the set by shields surrounding the coils, condenser and tube. Separate batteries should also be used. The plate voltage for the oscillator will vary with each tube and the constants of the circuit. In efficient oscillator circuits twenty-two or less volts may be used with exceptional results. The lower the voltage the better the oscillator.

FORCING TUBES

Do not attempt to obtain strong signals by seeing how brightly you can make the vacuum tubes of your set burn. This advice can hardly be repeated often enough. While it is true that turning on tubes at maximum brilliancy may mean, in some instances, maximum signals, the test of the correct amount of voltage to be used in making the tubes light is not the degree of brilliance of the light, but the quality of the sound produced in the headphones.

PUSH-PULL AMPLIFIERS

A push pull amplifier employs two tubes and two transformers of special make. Generally, it is only necessary to have one stage of straight audio frequency amplification before the push pull amplifier. It would not be possible to use one five-watt tube in the push pull amplifier, but two of them may be used with about 300 volts on the plate. However, the volume would be too great. Use standard tubes.

GOOD GROUNDS

One of the most important connections on any radio set is the ground. A good ground connection may be had on a water pipe or a steam pipe, providing these pipes are known to be connected with the earth. The Board of Fire Underwriters has rules against making ground connection to a gas pipe and that type of ground should not be used. In the country, where water pipes and steam pipes are not available, it will be necessary to drive a pipe into the earth or bury a copper or zinc plate three or four feet

in the ground. Before making the ground connection the pipe or plate should be scraped clean. Whenever possible the ground connection should be made with a ground clamp that can be secured at any radio store.

MOUNTING TUBES

Never mount the tubes used with an ordinary receiver in a horizontal position. Vacuum tubes are designed to operate in a vertical position and therefore should be used that way. When a tube is mounted horizontally there is always the possibility of the heated filament sagging and coming in contact with the grid and setting one back \$4. Mount the tubes vertically and avoid trouble.

Wherever leads on the set are to be connected to some movable apparatus it is best to use flexible wire, which should be in turn soldered to a solid wire. This will allow freedom of manipulation and eliminates all chances of broken connections.

DETECTORS AND AMPLIFIERS

A vacuum tube detector and one stage of audio amplification within a ten-mile radius of New York will operate a loudspeaker and some single-tube reflex sets will do it on local stations. It is more satisfactory as far as volume is concerned to use two audio amplifiers. Audio amplifiers intensify currents of audio frequency and if more than two stages are used circuit and battery noises are amplified to such a degree that the concerts are not clear and distortion is also amplified. Generally a 5 to 1 ratio transformer on the first stage and a 3½ to 1 ratio on the second stage produces good results. If a high ratio transformer is used, which increases the grid voltage past the saturation point, the radio music or voice will be distorted.

RADIO FROM OCEAN'S BED

In Atlantic City, N. J., on Sept. 13 "Uncle Wip," bedtime story teller for Gimbel Brothers' Philadelphia radio broadcasting station, WIP, sang a lullaby through the ether to his many juvenile followers from the bottom of the ocean. The song was accompanied on a piano played two full city blocks away.

"Uncle Wip," otherwise Gus Carey, donned his diving suit and slipped into the fifty feet of water at the end of the steel pier shortly after 7 o'clock, the hour of retirement of most of his young audience. At the land end of the pier was Harry Link at a piano. The tune played by Link was conveyed to "Uncle Wip" through a head receiver within his diver's hermit and also to a broadcasting unit on the pier, where a wire from a microphone inside Carey's helmet transmitted the singer's voice. "Uncle Wip's" microphone was inset in a rubber sponge.

While Link played the piano "Uncle Wip" sang his lullaby. The accompaniment was perfectly timed, and to listeners in the song sounded as if it was being sung beside a piano in the usual manner.

GOOD READING

PLANE TO FIND LOST CITIES

Some of the undiscovered buried cities of Egypt, Arabia and Mesopotamia may be sought by an aerial scientific expedition next summer, according to plans announced in London.

Beneath the shifting sands of the Eastern deserts are a number of lost cities and it is from the air rather than from the ground itself that the indications of these places may be more easily traced, in the opinion of promoters of the idea.

ANTS THAT COOK

Ants have always been a source of much interest to every one. One specie that has been long known to naturalists is called the harvester ant. They not only harvest and store in granaries the seeds upon which they feed, but they actually plant and cultivate an annual crop of their food seeds.

But now I want to tell you of a still more wonderful tale of an ant which is common in Dalmatia, *Messor barbarus*. According to Professor Neger of the well-known forestry school near Dresden, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes and eats bread or biscuit.

First the seeds are sprouted, then carried into the sunshine where they are dried; then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are again taken to the sunshine to bake; when this is done they are stored carefully away for future use.

All the cooking and baking is done by the sun. As the Arab and native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit that has been cooked by the sun, so the ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery.

HUNTING NEW FRUITS

The agricultural explorer is the name given to a scientist who is sent out to little-known parts of the world by the United States Department of Agriculture in search of new fruits and plants that may be introduced into this country.

One member of this unique profession, Wilson Popenoe, acting in charge United States Bureau of Plant Industry, has located in Ecuador an interesting group of fruits, many of which may become common in parts of the United States in future years.

One of these promising fruits, the cherimoya, is described as vegetable ice-cream, because of its white flesh, which has the consistency of a firm custard. It has the combined flavors of pineapple, strawberry and banana.

The Andes berry resembles a raspberry, while the fruit is like our loganberry, but less tart in flavor. Already the Andes berry has borne fruit in California and is doing well in the Gulf states and in the southwest generally.

The taseo is of the size and shape of a small banana. It contains numerous seeds, each surrounded by juicy, acid flavor. In Bogota, Colombia, housewives put this through a sieve and by adding sugar and milk make a delicious sher-

bet. The taseo has already been tried in California, where it has been found to succeed.

Other peculiar fruits discovered in Ecuador are of the capuli which resembles our own with black berry, the Chilean strawberry which stands shipping better than North American strawberries, but will not tolerate a moist climate, and the babaco, a large cylindrical fruit something like the common papaya.

FIRE BENEATH TOWN

It is nothing unusual for a town in the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania to be sitting complacently on top of a honeycomb of mines. Most of the towns in that region rest on a mere shell of the earth's surface, beneath which the labyrinths of shafts and tunnels from which fuel has been taken and shipped to kitchen ranges and cellar heaters. Scranton, the hard coal metropolis, has thirty-three mines under the streets within the city limits, and smaller towns show a proportionate undermining. In the development of the anthracite industry shafts and chutes and gangways have been pushed further and further into the ground until the surface of the earth is everywhere buttressed by timbers and other artificial supports.

The case of Summit Hill, in Carbon County, Pa., is unique in that it has for nearly one hundred years been sitting on top of a burning mine.

Summit Hill is a town of 6,000 people. It is built on top of a high hill whose sides are riddled with shafts and gangways and whose interior has long been steadily streaming out to waiting furnaces. It differs little from other hard coal mining towns. It has its homes and stores and markets, and claims attention chiefly by reason of its being at one end of the Switch Back and because of its burning mine.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It started ninety-two years ago deep down in the network of gangways and tunnels, and worked its way out and up, until to-day at places it is at the surface.

Fortune awaits the man who can extinguish the flame. Every known method of fighting such fires has been tried. The burning mine has been flooded with water. Ground has been dumped in. Gaps have been cut in the veins of coal, to cut the continuous line of the fuel, but still the fire rages on, a sight for the tourists, a huge economic loss and a menace to life and property.

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FROM ALL POINTS

SUBTERRANEAN ICE

A steam shovel, working on a new highway, near Reno, Nev., uncovered a huge block of ice under the ground, measuring 60 feet in length, 20 feet in width and 10 feet in thickness. It is believed that originally the ice, which is estimated to be about forty years old, was a field of snow compressed into its present form by an avalanche of earth, rocks and trees.

SEA LION'S WEIGHT

On the Pacific Coast there are two species of sea lions, the California sea lion ranging along the coast of that state, and the Steller sea lion ranging from the California coast north into Alaska, says *Nature Magazine*. The largest of the old bulls will measure about ten feet and the estimated weight is about twelve or fifteen hundred pounds. The cows weigh four to six hundred pounds.

RARE INDIAN RUINS

Two tracts of land in Arizona, west of the little Colorado River and about thirty miles northeast of Flagstaff, have been set aside as a national monument in an proclamation issued by President Coolidge on the recommendation of Secretary Work. The new reservation, known as the Wupatki National Monument, contains two groups of prehistoric ruins built by the ancestors of one of the most picturesque tribes of Indians still surviving in the United States, the Hopi, or People of Peace.

The buildings were constructed by the Snake family of the Hopi in their migration south from the Grand Canyon, where, according to their mythology, their ancestors came up from the underworld. The present ruins were abandoned. The Snake families traveled east, and before the days of the white men finally settled at the Hopi Mesa, where their descendants live to-day. Wupatki is a Hopi word meaning Great Rain Cloud House. The Wupatki National Monument contains 2,234.10 acres.

LONDON ANNIHILATES 3,000,000 RATS

Rats which infest old London houses, office buildings, restaurants, sewers and subways—and cost the city \$5,000,000 annually in damage—had a hard time of it during "Rat Week."

It was estimated that more than 3,000,000 rodents met death at the hands of professional rat-catchers, schoolboys and girls and private citizens who hunted the pests out with every conceivable means. One vermin-chasing company alone was reported to have accounted for 800,000 rats.

The press took up the campaign and one enthusiastic writer asserted he had seen, on moonlight nights, whole companies of rats frolicking through Piccadilly. One hospital manager declared he had discovered tightrope walking brown-coats entering the hospital along electric light wires stretched from the roof across the street.

London sanitation officials do not want the war on the rodents to end with the mere annihilation of 3,000,000, and they urge that the campaign be kept up until the body of London's last rat is given a place in the city museum.

LAUGHS

Mother—Tommy, I don't like to have you play with boys who are bad. Tommy—But the good boys are no good, mamma.

Mifkins—I wonder what drove Smiley to drink? Bifkins—Why, I wasn't aware that Smiley had to be driven.

Jess—I'm in a quandary! Bess—What? Jess—Tom promises to stop gambling if I marry him, and Jack threatens to begin if I don't.

Irene—Isn't that a lovely belt? Jack sent it to me as a present. Maud—It fits you to perfection. He must have measured it on his arm.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as low as it can go?" asked the teacher. "He gets cold feet," answered a small pupil.

"It's simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer. "Same here," rejoined the hustler. "I have to work for it."

Mr. Gayman (laving the paper aside)—Well, there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Gayman—What particular folly are you meditating now?

"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant. "Yes," answered the dentist, grimly. "He married the girl I loved."

Applicant—I see you advertised for a floor-walker, sir. Manager—Yes. Have you any experience in that line? Applicant—Two pairs of twins, sir.

First Swell—I say, old fellow, have you seen Lily since she came back to town? Second Swell—Ya-as. First Swell—How did she look? Second Swell (sadly)—She didn't look.

FROM EVERYWHERE

HOUSES BLEND WITH LANDSCAPE

Houses in Bulgaria are designed so as to blend with the landscape; in fact, they are often indistinguishable from it. The practice dates from the time of the Turkish rule, when it was desirable for Bulgarians to live as unobtrusively as possible.

ATLANTIC CITY POLICE SEEK MAN MISSING WITH \$16,000 AND GEMS

The Atlantic City police have sent out descriptions of David Kaden, missing since January 6. Kaden disappeared from his home in the Esther Apartments, taking his wife's \$660 diamond necklace, she said, after drawing \$13,000 from the bank.

Mrs. Kaden told the police that early in January her husband's brother, Edward Kaden, who operates a garage at Lenox avenue and 141st street, New York, visited them. David left home to go to the railway station with his brother and never returned.

"My husband was always a good man and I am ready to forgive him if he will only come back," added Mrs. Kaden.

GERMAN SEAPOST RESUMED, FIRST TIME SINCE WAR

Operation of the German seapost service from Hamburg in German steamers, which was suspended in 1914, was resumed through the efforts of the German minister of Posts on the west bound trip of the Albert Ballin, which arrived recently with 2,288 bags of mail, according to an announcement by the United American Lines.

Albert Dahlke, chief inspector of the German postal service, is in charge of the inauguration of the new facility and heads a staff of three clerks from Hamburg. The clerks are on board primarily to sort eastbound mail for Germany, but in the absence of American employees they are also sorting mail for interior United States points. Mail is expedited about twenty-four hours under this system.

It is planned to continue the German seapost service from Hamburg on the next sailing of the Deutschland.

RECEDING SALTON SEA

Secretary Work recently announced that the fourth survey made within the last ten years of a part of the former bed of the Salton Sea in the Imperial Valley of California, covering approximately 13,000 acres, which was recently executed by Government surveyors, has just been accepted. Some interesting natural phenomena were brought to light.

The Imperial Valley is below sea level, being some 200 feet lower than the Gulf of California in Mexico. It was primarily a sandy desert and was originally surveyed in 1856. The Colorado River, which discharges into the head of the gulf, by reason of floods and the tearing down of the banks and canyons of its many tributaries at various times, has become overcharged with silt, which it has deposited in an immense bank or bar

at the head of the gulf, practically shutting off its flow into the gulf.

The river, breaking back and flowing into the Imperial Valley, formed a great lake, which was named the Salton Sea. Later the river resumed its natural course, discharging into the gulf, and while the inflow into the valley ceased, the sea remained.

Since that time the sea has been gradually drying up. The soil of the valley is of silt, very fertile, and is under an irrigation system, the canals being brought in from the Colorado River near the gulf.

The land is very desirable, so occupation follows the recession of the sea very closely. As the sea recedes the lines of the survey are pushed further into the former bed of the sea, and as soon as any material area is uncovered there is an insistent demand for its survey. The survey just accepted was of land situated in four townships.

TRICKS OF THE CATTLE THIEF

Over at the Cross W ranch near Del Rio, Tex., a notice has been posted for the information of tenderfoot cowboys, describing the tricks of the cattle thief. The notice is in the form of a series of questions and answers as follows:

First—What is a maverick?

A maverick is a ten or twelve months old calf not marked or branded. The owner has not been able to find it during the roundups. Honest cowmen will brand on it the brand of its mother, but a swiper will put his own brand on it.

Second—What is a dogey?

A dogey is a calf whose mother has died through hunger or accident; the calf was young when the mother died and is consequently poor and scrawny. If such a calf is old enough to live it belongs to the man who owns the range on which it is found. But swipers think different.

Third—What is scalding brands?

To scald a brand is to make a brand look old. The way to scald a brand is to put a wet cloth on the animal where the hot brand is to be placed. The brand will show plain and the hair is not burned.

Fourth—What is sokeing?

Sokeing is to tie down one or more calves in a secluded spot where honest men seldom ride, and if the weather is dry and hot it will only take thirty-six hours in the hot sun to soke any calf, and after they have been thus treated they will not hunt for their mother again. A calf treated in this manner shows the marks of the rope around its legs, but it cannot be made to own any mother, so what is one going to do in law? This method of swiping calves is the newest out.

Calf-swipers formerly moved into a box canyon and built pastures in which to wean calves, but the calf would bawl for its mother and call her up. Perhaps the owner would ride around the pasture and hear his cow bawling for her calf on the inside and return the calf to its mother. A swiper is too smooth for any court of justice in our country. If one gets caught you will see them coming from out of every canyon to swear to the swiper's good character.

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

SEES BENEFIT FOR THEATRE IN RADIO

Theatrical managers, instead of opposing the radio on the theory that it keeps people from attending plays, should turn the invention to their own advantage, John Golden, producer, in speaking from WOR, the station of L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.

Urging that theatre news, reviews of shows and lectures on acting and playwriting be broadcast, Mr. Golden announced he proposed to conduct an "experiment" along this line.

"When my associates in the theatre workshop," he said, "began to complain that the radio would keep people away from the theatre, it seemed I had heard the same kind of hysterical protests before.

"A new thing had been invented that would keep people out of the playhouse. It was that dreadful ogre, the bicycle. Then came the automobile and the motion picture. And the theatre is still here.

"If bicycles, automobiles and radios keep people away so does love-making, and where would we all be if we stopped that? It is just as sensible to blame the cross-word puzzle as an influence unfavorable to drama.

"If the theatre cannot withstand the radio, or any other influence, it deserves to die."

BUTTONS FROM MILK

The latest article used in the manufacture of buttons is milk. It will be surprising news to many a man to learn that his white collar buttons are not what he believes them to be, made of bone or horn, but that they are manufactured from the milk of the cow. The process of manufacturing buttons from milk implies the use of some large and hollow cylinders usually called "separators," which are constructed with a small opening on the side and four on the top. These cylinders are filled with milk and then subjected to an extremely rapid rotation by steam power. By this process the milk is thoroughly skimmed. It is then put into other cylinders and boiled by steam. It soon assumes the shape of a sticky mass, which, after being kneaded, is placed in linen sacks and deprived of all moisture by the use of a heavy press. The remaining matter is then taken out of the sacks, placed in a specially prepared drying apparatus and subjected to an enormous heat by means of steam pipes. After two or three days this matter grows yellow, like gold, and becomes hard, like stone. Whatever else is done in that direction remains for the present time a matter of business secrets, though it is known that it is subjected to a chemical process, by which it can be easily colored, bleached, molded and rendered adaptable to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons which are worn by us to-day. Even pearl buttons may be imitated by this milk matter, and it is said that such buttons are hard to distinguish from the genuine.

SOMETHING ABOUT FURS

"Eighty per cent. of the material now used for fur garments and trimming," recently remarked a man in the trade, "is other than what we used

to know as fine fur. With the vogue for fur and the enormous increase in the demand the well-known fur bearers could not possibly keep the market supplied. As a result, traders have sought something to use instead. From all parts of the world they have brought animals never before known to the business. Their achievements would have been nothing, though, without the skill and resource of those who dye and dress the skins. Together they have produced new products for which the fur dealer finds ready sale."

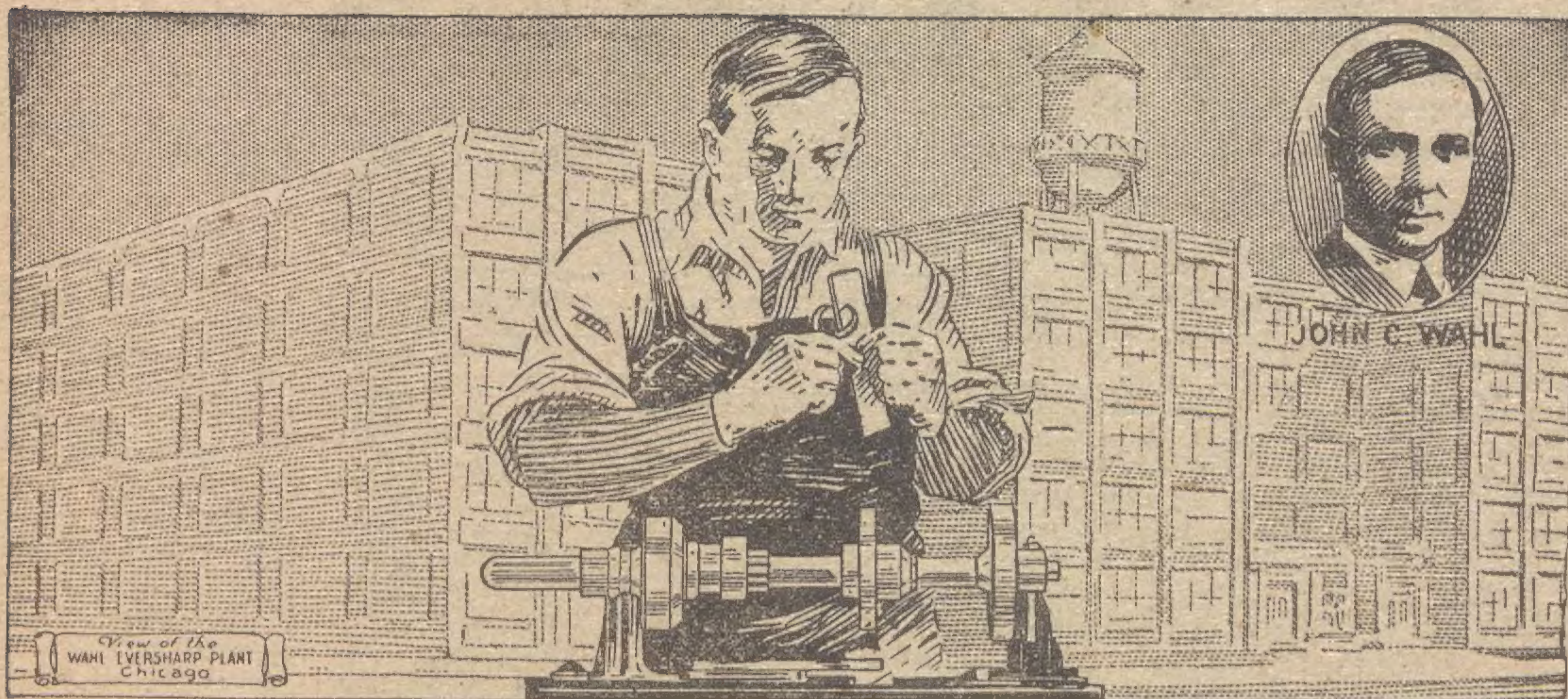
The common rabbit has become a mainstay of the trade. Winter grade rabbit skins from New Zealand and Australia dye up satisfactorily to imitate nutria, beaver or seal. The pelt is strong enough to stand the treatment, and the fur, uniform in color, is thick and fine enough to give the proper effect. Rabbits are raised on large farms in Europe to meet the market demand, and much that goes for seal grew up as a rabbit, black, white, gray or spotted, on a Belgian, Dutch, French or German estate. They are bred extra large and with excellent fur.

Goats and sheep, too, are important. When broadtail, Persian lamb and caracul became fashionable the Bokhara sheep of Turkestan could not keep up with the call for its young, which in different stages of development supplies all three materials. So traders experimented with kid from elsewhere. In China, India and other parts of Asia they found herds, the kids of which bore moray markings resembling the caracul lambs. When dressed and dyed, the new pelts turned out so well as to bring almost as much as the genuine thing. The shearing of a South American variety produced also the moray marking, and American broadtail was discovered. All goats and sheep, wherever found, are now hauled to the market if they have a curl in their hair. When it is lacking the curler is often applied.

Even dogs are not scorned, if they be of the prairie dog family and come from the East. The species is called Mongolian marmot. Its hair is denser and stronger and the pelt tougher than its American kin. The animal was scorned until it was found suitable as an imitation of mink. Now the skins, dyed and marked with a dark streak, are cut in strips and worked up like mink. The common house cat figures, too, in fur sales, but its use is exceedingly limited. Bringing possibly six cents apiece, the skins are hardly worth the trouble of collecting.

Many imitations are far from cheap. A Russian sable coat made of dyed fitch may be almost as expensive as the genuine. The genuine is scarce, and the fitch makes a handsome wrap.

The African gazelle, plentiful and cheap, has lately come to the shops, and the leopard is worn again. Raccoon, a few years ago a drug on the market, has come into style by the automobile and the football game route. The jump in its price threatens its vogue, it is said. This often happens with the substitute furs. Even the lowly muskrat, once worth a dime, may bring \$2.50 a raw skin; and Hudson seal may cost more than Alaskan.



The \$12 a week mechanic who became a millionaire!

TWENTY-THREE years ago, John C. Wahl was working as a mechanic in Peoria, Illinois, at \$12 a week.

To-day, he is a millionaire—having an income that runs into six figures—nationally and internationally known as the inventor of the Wahl Adding Machine, the Wahl Fountain Pen, and president of The Wahl Company, manufacturers of the famous Eversharp pencil.

It is interesting to note that the change for the better in the life of John C. Wahl came the day he saw an advertisement that hit him straight between the eyes. As he puts it, "it told how the International Correspondence Schools could make a draftsman of a fellow without interfering with his daily work." That day, John C. Wahl enrolled and started to build for the future. His present success is proof that he builded well.

"Pick the line of work you like best," he said the other day, "and stick to it. Study hard and success will take care of itself. Nothing is impossible when a man really makes up his mind that he's going to get ahead."

John C. Wahl is just one of thousands of I. C. S. students who have made good in a big way. The lives of such men should be an inspiration and a guide to every man who wants a better job and a bigger salary.

If the I. C. S. can smooth the way to success for other men, it can help you. If it can help other men to go forward to better jobs and bigger salaries, or to success in businesses of their own, it can help you, too.

At least find out *how* by marking and mailing this coupon. It doesn't obligate you in any way to do this, but it may be the means of changing your entire life.

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ANOTHER WAR

It is not to be denied that Germany is planning another war as soon as she can enter it with confidence of victory. The rising generation is burning to vindicate Germany's prestige, and we can rest assured that they will try to do so. What direction this will take is as yet unforeseen. Germany has become great by highway robbery of neighboring nations. About the time we were becoming a Nation, Germany was scarcely bigger than one of our townships; but she had an army—great for that day—of 7,000 men, and a well-filled treasury. Frederick the Great began looking around for somebody to use the army with which to rob some territory. McCauley says in one of his paragraphs: "In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had sworn to defend, black men fought each other on the shores of Coramandel, and red men scalped one another in the forests of America." He gained Silesia by this war and every one of his successors has boasted that he has made a strong addition to German territory. It is not any more likely that the Germans have renounced this policy than that the leopard can change his spots.

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Huge catches have made the North Sea fishermen rich, and helped to spread the fame of kippered herring and also of finnan haddock, until these two fish became known on almost every breakfast table in Europe and North America.

A glance at the jellyfish, which is almost all stomach and tentacles to sting and grab its food, shows what a rapacious creature it is, and how in the struggle for existence the herring and haddock were no match for it. The presence of these vermin in the North Sea is accounted for by a rise in the temperature of the Gulf Stream. It was this extra warm current that carried untold millions of jellyfish up to the coast of Norway.



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